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Yellowstone Park and the Nation

Next week the Hon Addison T. Smith, Chairman of the Committee on Irrigation and Reclamation, will present in The Outlook the position of those who desire to place a reservoir within the boundaries of Yellowstone National Park. The Rev. Henry van Dyke will testify from personal observation as to the value of the Bechler Meadows to the National Park System.

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The Outlook

Volume 145 January 12, 1927 Number 2

Australia to America

STANLEY M. BRUCE, the Prime Minister of Australia, has shown himself a useful interpreter of America to Europe and Europe to America. A native Australian, educated in England, a World War veteran, and a progressive leader in the political life of his country, he is an interesting figure.

At the recent British Empire Conference in London he surprised his British hosts by pleading the cause of the United States in its policy toward Europe since the war. He said that Australians, separated from Europe and independent of European interests, could easily understand the wish of Americans not to become entangled in European alliances and feuds. Lately, visiting the United States on his way home, he has argued the case of American interest in aiding the rehabilitation of Europe. In this relation, he suggested that it will be important to arrange some reconsideration of the whole problem of war damage and debt payments.

Mr. Bruce blamed Europe for regarding herself as "the whole world" and failing to understand the motives and point of view of America or to give the United States credit for its assistance during and since the war. He blamed the United States for failing equally to realize the political complexities of Europe and the difficulties and hardships of the people of Europe in these reconstruction years. It may be that we are more aware of these European troubles than Mr. Bruce thinks. But it is salutary for us to be reminded—in so friendly a manner—both of them and of the harsh opinion that most Europeans now hold of us.

Questioning how much can be accomplished at present by international action to prevent war, Mr. Bruce nevertheless voiced his strong faith that something can be done by co-operation in all the ways that prove practicable. And as a first step he inevitably urged closer relations between the British Empire and the United States. Departing for home, he should carry with him the assurance that the United States would welcome any opportunity of international co-operation which commands its confidence. Further, he must have learned more of the cordial esteem with which Americans regard him and his countrymen.

Our Responsibility in Nicaragua

THE policy of the United States will decide the result of the civil war in Nicaragua. Of that there is no use pretending any doubt. We wield the predominant power in this hemisphere, and

Wide World (C) Harris & Ewing

Stanley M. Bruce

we can—if we will—make our policy effective. It is consequently of critical importance, for our relations with all of South America, what our decision regarding Nicaragua is to be.

We have recognized the Conservative Government of President Diaz. He was chosen by the Nicaraguan Congress under an emergency provision of the Constitution, after the resignation of the dictator, Chamorro. We refused to recognize Chamorro when he overthrew the elected Government of President Solorzano. Diaz—Chamorro's friend—took office in the absence from the country of the Vice-President, Dr. Sacasa, who had been deprived of the right of succession to the Presidency when Solorzano resigned. Sacasa has since returned to the country, taken the leadership of the Liberal rebellion against Diaz, and been recognized by Mexico.

Diaz claims that he could beat Sacasa alone, but cannot beat him with Mexican support and war supplies. The Government forces have been retiring before the rebels. Meanwhile, the United States has an embargo on shipments of arms to Nicaragua, which Diaz wants raised.

If the United States keeps its Marines in Nicaragua to maintain the neutral zones around Bluefields and Puerto Cabezas, and also lets Diaz get guns and ammunition, Diaz probably can defeat Sacasa. He would have the strength coming from the knowledge that the United States was backing him. That is a decisive factor in Central American revolutions. In that sense, we could decide the issue in favor of Diaz.

If the United States calls for an end of civil war and for new elections in Nicaragua, and has them supervised by its Marines—as it did when Solorzano was elected—it can also decide the issue in that way. That is the method which would give the people of Nicaragua the opportunity to show which Government they really prefer. It is also the policy which would be best, not only for our relations with Nicaragua, but also for our relations with the rest of Latin America. It would restore confidence in our intentions.

The Department of State has evaded Senatorial inquiries regarding the Nicaraguan situation and our course of action. But the people have a right to know what is being done and why it is being done. The first step should be a clear statement of our attitude in this situation and the reasons for it. Then that statement should be followed by effective action.

Direct intervention would be a policy—not a desirable one, but nevertheless a policy. To raise the arms embargo and support Diaz would also be a policy. Its wisdom would be doubtful, but we should at least know where we stand. To check the civil war and get a decision by plebiscite would be the most helpful and disinterested policy. But we are doing none of these things. We are

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neither making our recognition of Diaz count nor advancing any other solution. So we are promoting only uncertainty and distrust.

It is essential that we realize quickly our responsibility in Nicaragua to enforce a just settlement in the interest of peace and security throughout Central America.

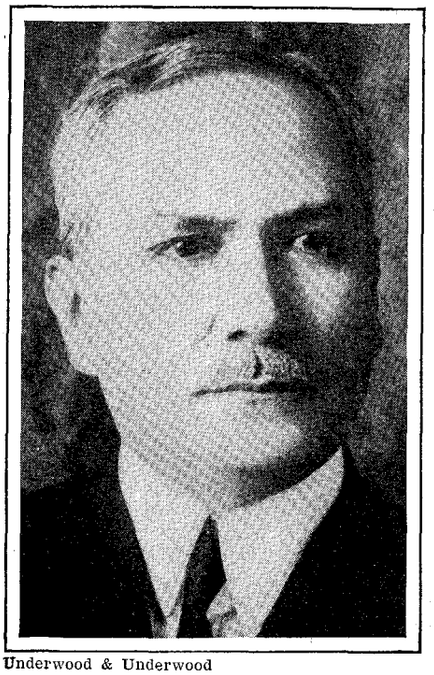
Foreign Policy in a Democracy

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is represented as resenting interference with his conduct of foreign affairs. In so far as his resentment is aroused by misrepresentation of the foreign policy of his Administration it is justified. Reports, for example, that the Administration is moving toward a recognition of the Bolshevik Government at Moscow were declared to be both unwarranted and hurtful. But apparently the Administration has been annoyed by something more than that. Mr. Carter Field, Washington correspondent of the New York "Herald Tribune," a strong supporter of the present Administration, interprets the President's feeling as follows:

> He feels that politics and dissensions should cease at the water's edge, and that the press of the country should present a united front on any issue which this country may be urging against some other.

This view of the conduct of foreign affairs seems to us impossible in a democratic nation. The German Emperor could ask for an unquestioning support of the foreign policy of his Government. The President of the United States cannot. Here the Government is agent of the people. In its action it must take into account, not only the special information which its officials have, but also public opinion. When it takes action which the people are called upon to back up, it must allow the people the right to know why.

Public criticism of the Government's foreign policy should always be offered with reserve. It must be based as a rule on only a partial knowledge of the facts. Diplomatic negotiations cannot be carried on effectively or peaceably as an open debate. Covenants, no matter how open, cannot at every stage be openly arrived at. But the people must form their judgments and express them. They have a right to understand the positions to which they are being committed, and to express their dissent from any course that may lead them where they would not go. Any President or Secretary of State or Department official who discountenances public discussion and criticism of foreign policies invites disappointment, if not disaster. President Wilson discovered that. The way for any President to secure the sort of support he has a right to desire is to convince the country that he has a sound, well-reasoned, and just cause.



Underwood & Underwood

Adolfo Diaz

The Wilson Peace Award

ON Woodrow Wilson's birthday, December 28, the Woodrow Wilson Foundation presented its award of $25,000, with a bronze medal, to Elihu Root. Announcement of this award had already been made and the reason for it had been given, as reported in The Outlook for December 22; but it was not formally and actually presented to him until the birthday celebration in New York at a public dinner. Mr. Root took that occasion to pay a tribute to "the high distinction of the great President" whose memory was then celebrated, and to express his condemnation of America's failure to support the League and the World Court. He did not single out any one to blame for this failure, but let that blame rest upon the whole people for allowing prejudice to interfere with their idealism. Mr. Root has given the amount of the money award to an endowment fund the income of which is to be used for the support of the quarterly journal "Foreign Affairs," which is published by the Council on Foreign Relations. This is a most suitable gift, for it will be devoted to the collection and dissemination of accurate knowledge in the realm of international concerns.

Piano or Flageolet in Turkey?

A GRAIN of salt is proper seasoning for despatches that come from Constantinople recounting additional steps toward the promiscuous Europeanization of Turkey. Every suggestion of a discarded Oriental custom makes tempting "copy." But a recent cable concerning measures to substitute European music for the monotonous minor cadences of native airs hints at an unfortunate tendency in Turkey, whether or not the movement cited by the despatch is widespread.

The Western world welcomes every Turkish ordinance and inclination promising to substitute reasoned, civilized methods of government and business for those that were a hindering inheritance from times which looked Eastward. Turkey will gain the confidence of the large nations to the west of her in proportion as she facilitates and stabilizes the relations of life through the means proved best by Western experience. That is what the new Turkey is aiming for, and what it has accomplished to an encouraging degree.

But it would be unfortunate if Turkey should carry the standardization so far as to lose her cultural identity. As Turkey draws closer to Europe, her native art, if it is encouraged in its normal impulses, will be stimulated by the contact to help develop a unified national culture, and even to become a significant contribution to world culture. Some echoes of it have been heard in Europe in the past, in all phases of art.

Let Turkey discard her wooden plows, but keep her thin-toned flageolets, wailing of eternity.

The Japanese Earthquake—an Insurance Sequel

THE question of calamity insurance recently discussed in these columns has been raised in an acute form in Japan. The Japanese insurance companies, writes our Tokyo correspondent, are petitioning the Government to relieve them of a loan of some sixty million yen borrowed by the companies in 1924 with the object of making "sympathy payments" to those who had paid for insurance but were not insured against fires "directly, indirectly, or remotely due to earthquakes." Tens of thousands of policy-holders who had

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Preventions, excitements

(Troilus and Cressida, Act I, Scene 3)

Orr in the Chicago Tribune

NAVAL PROTECTION
CURTAILMENT OF OUR NAVY TO SAVE MONEY
THIS GIVES ME A GOOD EXCUSE.
WE NEED AN ADEQUATE NAVY TO PROTECT OUR WEALTH
BRITISH
AMERICAN PROSPERITY
OUR PACIFIC

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Poor economy

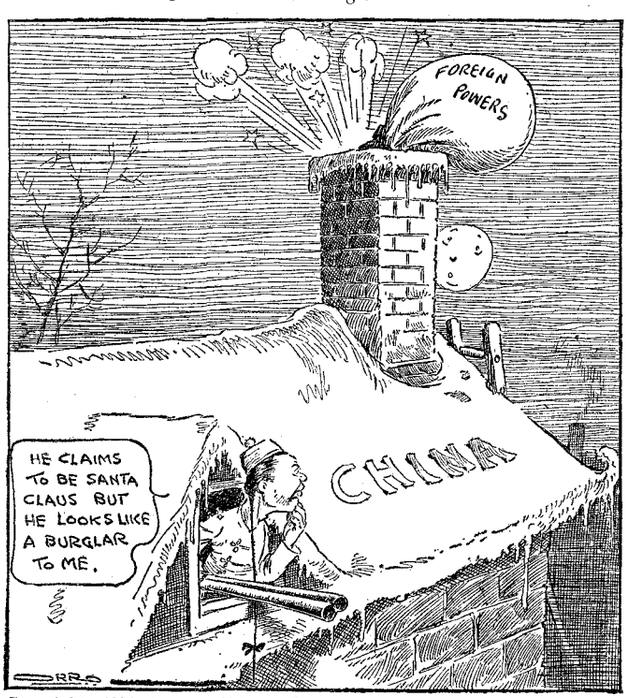
From O. B. Nelson, Kendallville, Ind.

Kirby in the New York Morning World

The self-appointed cop

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

Orr in the Chicago Tribune



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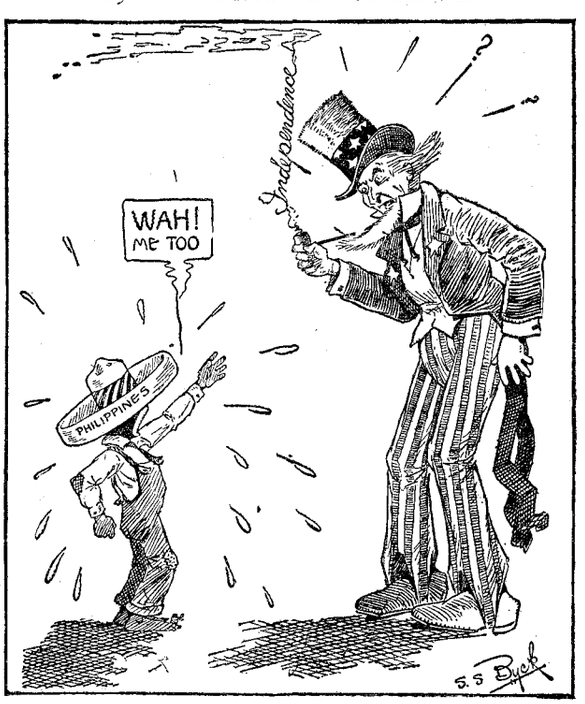
Whoever it is seems to be stuck in the chimney

From Meda F. Gross, Ogden, Ill.

Byck in the New York Commercial



Eventually—but not now

From D. S. Imrie, New York, N. Y.

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been paying fire premiums for years were left entirely destitute, and, strictly speaking, were entitled to nothing in the way of compensation. The foreign companies, however, gave credit for one year's premium as an act of grace, while the Japanese companies made sympathy payments amounting to some seventy million yen.

In order to meet these colossal payments the companies were obliged to borrow from the Government; and it now appears that their action in making sympathy payments was taken on the strongest possible representations from the Government and did, in fact, so the companies claim, amount to a forced loan. Some thirty Japanese fire insurance companies shared in this forced loan, and they now claim that the payment of interest and amortization installments constitutes a burden which the companies are finding intolerable.

The whole situation illustrates very clearly the advantage of national insurance against calamity, more than once advocated by The Outlook. It is already beginning to be apparent in Japan that the state will ultimately have to make good the vast proportion of the losses sustained in the earthquake three years ago. In other words, the state will have to do in the end what it ought to have done in the beginning, with an incalculable advantage to the country in time saved, anxiety, interruption of trade, disturbance of credit, dissipation of energy, and many other evils avoided. Disasters like the Japanese earthquake or the Florida hurricane are national disasters, and should be dealt with nationally.

Imperial Playthings

THE Czar's toys have been exhibited recently to the foreign correspondents. Nothing could give a more striking evidence of the childlike deficiencies of the mentality that ruled the old Russia than this display of the former Imperial treasures.

The crown jewels—the resplendent crown itself, the scepter with the 200-carat blue-white Orloff diamond in its handle, the greatest sapphire in the world, worth $11,000,000, the other precious stones of the Romanoffs—are impressive. But the more really significant part of the exhibit is the playthings made to please Nicholas II and his predecessors.

A little model train, for instance, is a souvenir of the opening of the Trans-Siberian Railroad. It is eighteen inches long, with a platinum locomotive and five gold cars, all modeled exactly from the train in which he inaugurated the operation of the railroad. The cars, in addition to living and sleeping quarters, contain a bath, a restaurant, and an Imperial chapel, all complete. The train runs by clockwork. Wound up with a gold key, it rushes along its track at a speed to delight the hearts of children and potentates.

The gold train is only one of many fascinating and meaningless baubles. A stickpin watch of pure gold was made for Nicholas II by Swiss craftsmen—less than a third of an inch in diameter, no thicker than a finger-nail, and keeping perfect time. There is an orange tree, eight inches high, roped off with rubies and pearls, with leaves of emeralds, fruit of rubies, and flowers of diamonds. At the pressure of a button, the tree opens to show a tiny enameled nightingale flapping its wings and singing on a golden branch. There is a gold stage-coach, four inches long and an inch and a half high, with a twenty-carat diamond within for a lantern. There is a collection of gold and jeweled Easter eggs, and one of rock crystal inclosing a cluster of snowdrops of seed pearl, with foliage of emeralds, showing through snow of diamond dust.

Among the earlier monarchs of Russia, Czar Nicholas I enjoyed a gold filigree bracket holding a Renaissance Venetian mirror as large as a wrist watch made of a diamond slab an inch and a half long by an inch wide. And Catherine the Great sported a pair of ten-pound binoculars with eight-inch tubes of gold incrusted with rubies and diamonds—the gift of the Sultan of Turkey.

These senseless treasures are impassively displayed to-day by gray-clad Soviet custodians. And, without sympathizing in the Bolshevist experiment in Russia, it is impossible not to feel that no more convincing proof of the inevitability of the upheaval in Russia exists than these costly symbols of the vanity and superficiality of the old régime. They are priceless as a warning of how not to govern a country.

Digging for Ancestors

MAN'S war against the forces that obscure his interesting ancestors continues on all fronts.

Dr. J. H. Breasted, of the University of Chicago, sailed recently to resume command of four sectors in Egypt and Asia Minor and to launch a new campaign in the Nile Valley. Headquarters are the Oriental Institute in Cairo, which is maintained by American funds as a laboratory for the study of man's origin and development—a co-ordinating agency for the anthropological material which the expeditions under Dr. Breasted's direction discover. Dr. Breasted considers Egypt the most promising source of data on the physical and social evolution of man; and yet, despite the forthcoming extensive effort, he has little hope that the picture of man's development will be complete in less than a century of continuous work.

The forces in the Near East expect to work in valuable co-operation with the expedition of the New York Museum of Natural History in Mongolia. Roy Chapman Andrews, the director of the Mongolian expedition, will return in March from America to his scene of operations. At opposite poles of Asia, both enterprises are working on the same lines. An interesting conclusion of each expedition is that the Sahara Desert in one case and the Gobi Desert in the other were once—perhaps 100,000 years ago—well-watered, forested areas.

From another battle-front, no farther away than Western Reserve University in Ohio, Professor T. Wingate Todd has contributed as spoils of war the discovery that modern safety and improved living conditions have advanced the average age of man at death about thirty years even from Roman times. He described his research to one of the sections of the Philadelphia Convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science. By continued study of the composition of the bones in his University's collection of fifteen hundred skulls and skeletons of varying ages he has concluded to his satisfaction that the average historic ancient died at the age of forty-two.

Three centers of activity are represented by these current reports. Many more are the scene of sustained, unsensational effort in the crusade of discovery.

The Riverside Church

THE OUTLOOK of December 29 contained a picture of New York's tallest building as it will look when it is built. Obviously, the *motif* was the Tower of Babel.

From a less remote civilization, the Gothic—the civilization which produced the most imaginative, the most meaningful buildings the world has ever known—New York has drawn its inspiration for another building, the Baptist church on Riverside Drive, the erection of which was one of the conditions on

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which Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick accepted the pastorate of the Park Avenue Baptist congregation. The architects' plans have been approved within the past fortnight, and preparation for the foundations is under way.

So far as the drawings and advance description indicate, the Riverside Church will constitute a high achievement in combining genuine academic tradition, creative interpretation, and contemporary usefulness—which is the qualification of vital architecture. The elements of the design were collected by the architects, Charles Collens and Henry C. Pelton, in a study of Gothic and Romanesque ecclesiastical buildings in France and Spain. From the Cathedral in Chartres came the definition of the simple, sturdy, noble Gothic that will characterize the church—windows without tracery, and with heavy leading framing the glass; an exterior of a grace spiritual yet severe. From Chartres was adapted the massive, aspiring 375-foot tower, which is to contain twenty stories of parish rooms for many uses, reached by an elevator, and, at the top, a carillon of fifty-seven bells. From the Cathedral in Bordeaux came the precedent for having the entrance at the side, which in the case of the New York church permits the axis to run parallel to Riverside Drive. Projected adjoining Gothic buildings of the Union Theological Seminary as seen in the drawing tend to give the church the appearance of an English cathedral, with its great tower in the middle rather than at the front.

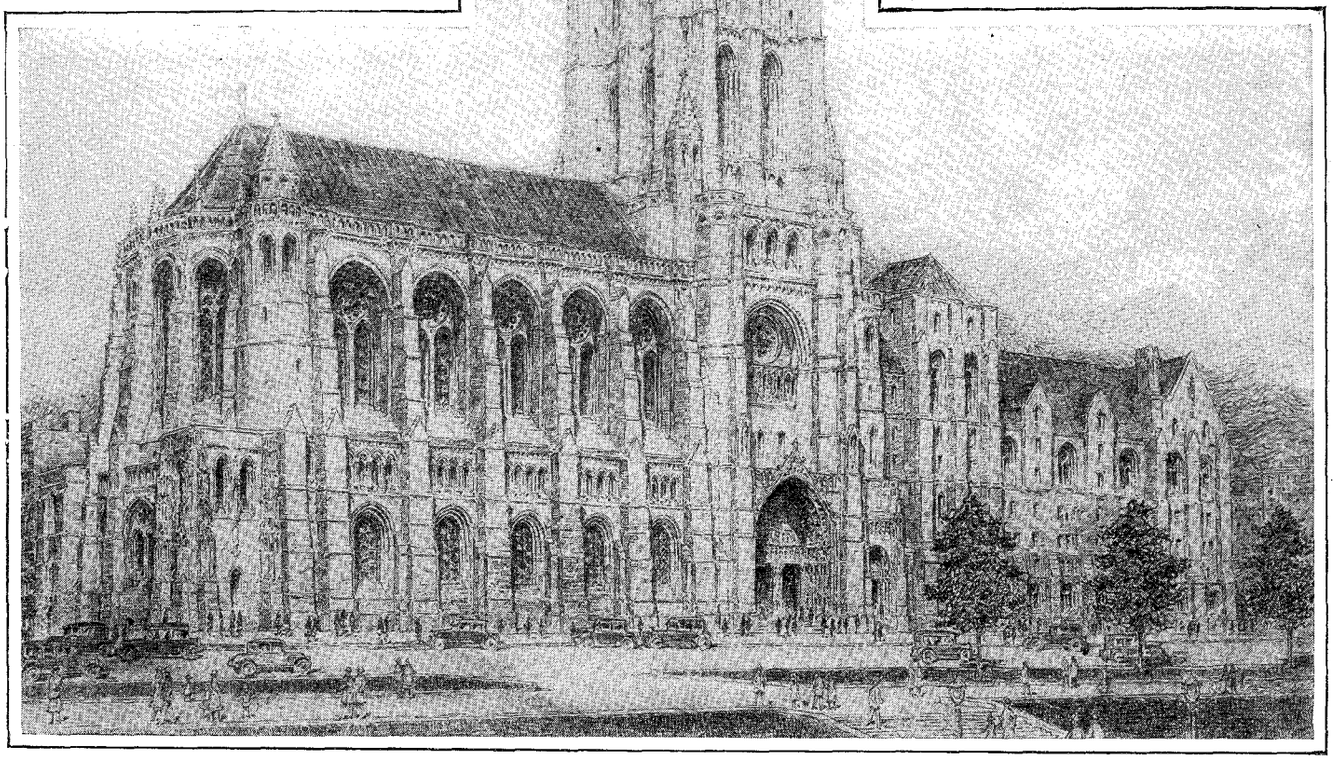
From a number of churches in Spain and southern France came the suggestion of a low, wide vault for the nave. In contrast to the narrow, lofty proportions of northern French and English cathedrals, the broader treatment was adopted as most suitable to accommodate 2,400 worshipers and to provide the improved acoustics and increased vision desirable for the Protestant form of service. The architects feel that none of the inspirational qualities of the loftier naves is lacking from the prototypes of the wider, lower design for the Riverside Church. A chapel to hold 200 persons, entered by the door visible on the drawing immediately south of the main portal, has been designed in a pointed Romanesque style in what promises to be charming contrast with the later Gothic of the rest of the church.

When the surpassing grace of the Woolworth Building threatens to be followed by the gaunt lines and blank walls of merely "the tallest building in the world," it is reassuring to find another major American architectural project dipping into the exhaustless stream of historical beauty for its form.

Better Homes

"Better Homes in America," a National organization for the encouragement of home ownership and for the dissemination of information leading to economical and beautiful home building and furnishing, has decreed as "Better Homes Week" the eight days from April 24 to May 1. The 1926 "Better Homes" campaign was conducted by local committees in more than three thousand cities, towns, villages, and rural communities. At headquarters in Washington the expectation is for more than that to participate in 1927.

"Better Homes in America" is sponsored by high Government officials and by the leaders of a large number of National civic organizations in its work of initiating educational campaigns in whatever communities show interest and



The architects' drawing of the projected Riverside Church, New York

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of distributing publications outlining various means of making better homes. Prizes are offered for the best-conducted campaigns in towns of various sizes. A number of communities, impelled by these measures, have built houses, or refurbished and furnished houses already standing, to serve as demonstrations. At the Sesqui-Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia a model house was built and furnished by a local committee, to be maintained permanently by the Girl Scouts of the city. Elsewhere, local committees have arranged "Better Homes" tours, to show their fellow-citizens what their neighbor towns were doing to improve their homes.

Americans who have taken pleasure in the increasing attractiveness of average homes will join those who have been helped in having attractive homes in gratitude for the influence of the "Better Homes" movement, which is now centered in the "Better Homes in America" organization.

"Poisoning the People's Drink"

THOSE who celebrated the season of peace on earth with lethal doses of bootleg liquor have caused, dead, more strife than, alive, they ever could have caused. When they were alive, most of them could not disturb the peace sufficiently to influence anything higher than a police court. Now that they are dead, they have started a turmoil which involves several National organizations and the Treasury Department of the United States Government, and will involve Congress.

The wets are charging again that the Government is "poisoning the people's drink" by denaturing commercial alcohol. The thirty or so persons who died of alcoholism in New York City at Christmas are said to have been murdered by the Government, as are the eight hundred or so who died in that city from the same cause during the year 1926. The fact is overlooked, apparently, that there always have been deaths from alcoholism. Indeed, the number of such deaths has not varied greatly from year to year. In 1910, nine years before prohibition, the number of deaths from alcoholism in New York City was greater than in 1926.

Still, it is not to be denied that many of those who drank themselves to death at Christmas in New York City drank alcohol denatured by the Government with poisonous substances, redistilled, peddled by bootleggers. Both the revenue law under which alcohol is denatured and the Prohibition Law were, in that sense, instruments of homicide. But it would be more logical to charge General Andrews, head of prohibition enforcement, directly with the deaths. Somewhat more poisoned alcohol was drunk than usual because better enforcement of the Prohibition Law made less real liquor obtainable. And that applies to most other cities as much as to New York.

Information comes from reliable sources that enforcement lines have recently been so tight that practically no real liquor has found its way into New York or any other of the large Eastern cities with the exception of Baltimore. There are said to be sources of supply among the tortuous inlets of Chesapeake Bay from which the Maryland metropolis drew fairly liberal supplies of real liquor for Christmas. Over the country inland, cities great and small were in the same situation as New York. One city on the Pacific coast, Seattle, was about as fortunate—or unfortunate—as Baltimore.

And so Senator Edwards, of New Jersey, and the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment talk of legalized murder and the like. "In opposing the use of poisonous denaturants," says a statement from the Association, "this Association has always held that nobody voted for prohibition with murderous intent. It still holds that the misguided followers of the Anti-Saloon League did not so vote." The Association Against the Prohibition Amendment ought to know—and probably does know—that alcohol is not denatured under the Volstead Law or the Eighteenth Amendment, but under a revenue law passed in 1906 without the slightest reference to prohibition.

The Treasury Responds

THE Treasury Department, as if in defiant answer to its critics, put into effect on January 1 a new denaturing formula containing twice as much wood alcohol as the old ones. Heretofore commercial alcohol has contained two per cent of wood alcohol. Hereafter it will contain four per cent. Some other poisonous substances, however, are left out, and commercial alcohol, as such, is no more poisonous than before.

Further, the announcement has been made personally by Secretary of the Treasury Mellon that the Government has no desire to put poisons into commercial alcohol if it can be denatured with non-poisonous substances. Chemists in the Prohibition Unit are hard at work in an effort to discover denaturants non-poisonous but so vile tasting and nauseous as to render alcohol undrinkable even after the finest arts of redistillation have been applied to it. If such a denaturant can be found, it will be used. Secretary Mellon, however, is not very hopeful that any such formula can be evolved. Neither are the chemists who are at work upon the problem. Some progress, it is announced, has been made, but nothing as yet known to chemistry is adequate.

Persons whose knowledge of hard liquor and hard drinkers of liquor comes from observation rather than from experience will be, perhaps, even more doubtful than the Secretary and the chemists. It is probably not possible to make anything so distasteful that certain types of soaks will refuse to drink it. Most of the liquor consumed during the past several years has been decidedly vile tasting. And it has always been accepted as a fact that persons who get drunk derive no pleasure from the taste of their liquor. Most of them are gagged by it, even when it is good liquor. If any chemist's job depends upon his ability to make an intoxicating draught so nasty that men like this will not drink it, that chemist had better resign at the outset; but some chemist may some day find a substance inseparable from alcohol that, though not deadly, but acting as an emetic, will make the alcohol undrinkable.

Hoods or Flour Sacks?

WHEN the Governor of Georgia in offering a reward for the conviction of those engaged in a whipping outrage declared that "mobs with heads covered with flour sacks shall not rule in Georgia," he did not mean to distinguish between flour sacks and hoods. But the Grand Dragon of the Georgia Ku Klux Klan pointed out that his followers wore robes and regalia, and that the nightbirds who beat and injured Mr. W. E. Brown wore something different and presumably inferior.

At all events, Mr. Brown was thoroughly thrashed with leather straps, and he says that it was because he prosecuted "alleged members of a hooded mob that killed Willie Wilson in July" and that the punishment was for attacking the Klan and writing newspaper articles—in other words, for exercising the right of free speech and a free press.

The incident illustrates the basic fallacy of regulation by secret society. Even a theoretically ideal society that whips or banishes people without trial is bound to have imitators of a baser sort, and who shall separate the noble

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K. K. K. sheep from the malignant goats?

What Men Believe

A COMMISSION of a hundred prominent clergymen of various denominations prepared recently a list of questions to be propounded through newspapers by the Church Advertising Department of the International Advertising Association. The purpose of these questions was to discover, in the words of the director of this religious census, the Rev. Charles Stelzle, "the attitude of Americans regarding religion." More than 125,000 persons answered the questions. Their answers, as received through 153 newspapers, have been tabulated, and, expressed in percentages of the total number of replies, are as follows:

Question	"Yes"	"No"
1. Do you believe in God?	91	9
2. Do you believe in immortality?	88	12
3. Do you believe in prayer as a means of personal relationship with God?	88	12
4. Do you believe that Jesus was divine as no other man was divine?	85	15
5. Do you regard the Bible as inspired in a sense that no other literature could be said to be inspired?	85	15
6. Are you an active member of any church?	77	23
7. Do you regularly attend any religious services?	76	24
8. Would you be willing to have your family grow up in a community in which there is no church?	13	87
9. Do you regularly have "family worship" in your homes?	42	58
10. Were you brought up in a religious home?	87	13
11. Do you send your children to any school of religious instruction?	72	28
12. Do you think that religion in some form is a necessary element of life for the individual and for the community?	87	13

It should be noted that the question numbered 5 was asked of Catholics and Protestants only. The other questions were addressed to people of all creeds and no creed at all.

In any consideration of the significance of these questions and their answers, two facts at least should be kept in mind:

First, that these answers came from people who read newspapers published in cities, and are therefore presumably for the most part dwellers in cities.

Second, that the answers came from those, and only those, who were sufficiently interested in questions of religious belief to take the pains to fill in the blanks and mail their answers. They do not represent the utterly indifferent.

With these facts in mind, one conclusion seems clear. Open, active, and warmly felt hostility to religion and religious belief is not characteristic of the city people of America. Nearly one-quarter of those who answered either did not belong to any church or did not regularly attend any religious service, and yet less than one in ten failed to acknowledge some belief in God and barely more than one in eight was willing to have a home in a community without a church. Active hostility to the church would undoubtedly be as strong an impulse for answering these questions as active support would be. It is likely that whatever anti-church feeling there is was well represented in these replies. That of itself is a fact of which churches should make note. The task that challenges them is that, not of converting the hostile, but of winning the interest of the indifferent.

That these questions aroused interest in many communities is the testimony of editors of participating newspapers. Evidence of such interest exists apart from such testimony. In that excellent financial weekly journal "Commerce and Finance," published in New York, there is an article, printed in its issue for December 22, by M'Cready Sykes. One would not naturally look for comment on a religious question in a journal devoted to commerce and finance. Mr. Sykes's comment is worthy of notice, not only because it appears in a commercial journal, but because of its thoughtfulness. He points out that as a measure of interest in religion "a questionnaire so largely framed in terms of 'I believe' is entirely inadequate." He draws this contrast: "Christianity may be an institution whose members are drawn together by community of belief or it may be a way of life, an attitude, consciously carried into action, toward the universe and specifically toward mankind, that takes as its inspiration the general spirit and approach of Jesus of Nazareth." If Christianity is a way of life, questions as to belief in creedal statements, as Mr. Sykes points out, cannot really elicit answers that reveal people's religion. Instead of these questions, which are mainly of creed or ritual (for family worship is a simple form of ritual), he propounds six questions which pertain to people's way of life. His first question, the briefest, and simplest, is this:

> Are you in general sympathy with the principles of Jesus of Nazareth as set forth in Matthew, Mark, and Luke?

Even Mr. Sykes, however, cannot wholly discard questions of belief. Of the remaining five questions four of them have to do with the attitude toward belief. For example:

> Do you regard as a matter of grave importance the correct determination of the extent to which divine inspiration entered into the composition of the Scriptures?

What we should like to see attempted is a questionnaire devoted solely to religion as a way of life and a source of power for life. Questions in botany have little bearing on love of nature; and questions of creed do not have necessarily much to do with the love of God and man.

The Navy and the Nation

THE battle rages over the naval appropriations. The President still seems willing to promise much as long as little is performed. The Naval Committee of the House appears to promise even less than the President. The Committee has recommended no appropriations to begin work on the three cruisers already authorized, and has in addition cut down the amount of money available for the cruising activities of our present fleet. The report of this Committee, of course, does not tell the final story.

The proposed increase in our Navy seems to The Outlook to be wholly justified by reason. The plan of the President to postpone this increase pending negotiations for a further international agreement looking towards a decrease in naval forces seems to us to represent a false economy and a false National policy.

We believe that there is not the slightest jingoism or the slightest thought of aggression in the demand that our Navy be brought to full parity with that of Great Britain at the earliest possible moment. To such parity we are entitled by our National needs and by the spirit as well as the letter of agreements already entered upon.

The fight against proper appropriations for the Navy indicates, at least in some quarters, a lack of knowledge of American history and of the temper of the American people.

The American Navy has never been used for purposes of aggression. It has been a weapon of defense, the value of which depended upon the wisdom and far-sightedness of the civilian authorities of the Nation. When the Navy has been given the proper tools to work with, it has always adequately represented both the power and the policy of the American people.

There have been times when the American Nation was essentially sea-minded, when it knew by intuition the correctness of the policy which Admiral Mahan proved by demonstration. There have been times when the American peo-

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ple have turned away from the sea and in their eagerness to unlock our continental treasure-house have forgotten the ancient highways of their race. To-day a tide, set in motion by the World War, carries the thoughts of Americans again to far horizons. Even in the heart of the country there is a growing understanding of the influence of ocean-borne commerce upon our internal prosperity. In the valley of the Mississippi and along the shores of the Great Lakes there has been born anew a demand for access to the sea. As Salem was, so the Lake ports hope to be; and the farmers of the present West think as eagerly of a new water route as did the settlers along the Ohio of untrammeled navigation down the Mississippi to the Gulf.

This new understanding of the significance of sea-borne commerce offers no encouragement to those who would deny the Nation the Navy to which it is entitled. The naval policy of Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Wilson represents both the part of wisdom and the path to political approval. The naval policy of Thomas Jefferson and Calvin Coolidge is not in tune with the times.

A Tragedy of the Alphabet

TO those in search of something to reform, we commend the names of the letters of the English alphabet. This has appealed to some of us as a field potentially fruitful, but, as professional reformers appeared to have plenty to do and as we ourselves were not in the reform business, nothing was said about it. Now an incident—a tragedy—makes such mention imperative. The nomenclature of our alphabet has deprived heroism, not merely of reward, but of fruition.

A young wife, alone but for her baby, in a dark house in Washington, heard stealthy steps on the stairs. She peered down. A man was creeping up. She snatched a pistol from a drawer. It was empty, as she knew, but as the intruder did not know. She pointed it at him, made him put up his hands. She backed him downstairs and along a hall. She held him at the point of the pistol while she took down the telephone receiver and called the police station. To the sergeant who answered she said, "Send a policeman right away to 3534 T Street, Northwest, or I shall have to shoot a man I am holding at bay." The policeman was despatched at once by motorcycle.

An hour and a half later a male member of the T Street household came home. In the almost dark hall he stumbled over the unconscious body of the woman.

The policeman never came. The brave young woman's bluff could not last forever. As the minutes dragged out to an hour, the strain told. Her pistol hand faltered. The now desperate intruder hurled a heavy book, knocked her down, stepped over her, and fled to the street, expecting, of course, to encounter the policeman. But the policeman was back at the station-house complaining to his companions of persons who call for a policeman and then say they did not.

And all of this was not the fault of anybody—not, that is, of anybody at all directly concerned in the tragedy. It was the fault of those who devised the names of the letters of the English alphabet, possibly of those who have permitted those names to remain as they are. When the woman said "T Street," the desk sergeant heard "P Street." It was a rush order. He did not take time to query, "P as in Peter?" and to have her reply, "No, T as in Thomas." Of course, he would not take time for that, even if policemen have learned this art of the switchboard girls and even if the woman could have followed the code. To the P Street address the policeman went, and there was nothing wrong there.

But for the fact that it is in another police precinct, he would have been as likely to go to B Street. Or to C Street, or D Street, or E Street, or G Street, or V Street, or Z Street—just as likely to go to any of these seven as to T Street, where he was wanted, or to P Street, where he went and was not wanted.

No, the Police Department was not greatly to blame. Nine letters that sound alike are simply too many for any one alphabet. Tragedies from their confusion are inevitable. Of course, this particular tragedy would not have occurred if the east and west streets of Washington had been given good, honest, mouth-filling names instead of letters. But that would have been merely one tragedy averted of the many that are potential in nine letters indistinguishable over the telephone except by the device of inquiring, "B as in Bartholomew or Z as in Zarubbabel?" And, even so, there are those who, with an inherent twist toward the alliterative, would hear that query, "Z as in Zartholomew or B as in Barubbabel?"

Unless we are to admit inferiority to the ancients, reform is imperative. A night-desk sergeant of the glory that was Greece, being urged to send quickly a policeman to Tau Street, never would have made the mistake of sending him to Pi Street.

Communizing City Transit

CONDITIONS of transit in New York City are bad. Before they can become better they will probably become worse. They are unsatisfactory alike to those who own the lines and those who use them. The companies blame the five-cent fare. This, however, the city administration has refused to abandon. It has allowed its own share of the losses to fall upon the taxpayers. The corporations have apparently won Governor Smith over to a plan to abolish the city commission in charge of transit and turn control over to the Public Service Commission of the State. Such a plan, even though the members of the State Commission that will control the transit are citizens of the city, is not in the direction of municipal home rule. Surely there is nothing over which a city ought to have more direct control than the transportation of its own citizens within its own borders. The State too, of course, has an interest, for some of the lines extend beyond the city limits, and all of the lines have to be financed under State auspices. The conflict for control will delay the increase in facilities. It is argued that the city has no adequate funds to be used in extension. Politics is partly to blame; but also bad management and a lack of corporation statesmanship.

Ninety miles away from New York there is an example of city transit that not only provides facilities but pays dividends. This is in Philadelphia, where the Philadelphia Rapid Transit Company has just passed its fifteenth year under the management of Thomas E. Mitten. When he took hold after the strikes of 1909–10, the company had, to use his own phrase, "nothing but debts and deprivations and no prospects of anything better in sight." All these have vanished. Mr. Mitten has not only placed the finances of the corporation upon a sound basis, but he has conducted a successful experiment in cooperative endeavor to the vast benefit, not only of the community and the stockholders, but the employees as well. We quote a bulletin for the employees:

> To-day, you have more than a $12,000,000 interest in the stock of P. R. T. which—due to your effectiveness—earns and pays 2 per cent quarterly; you have more than $3,000,000 in your savings and pension funds; and more than $15,000,000 in your home ownership and life insurance. This gives you a grand total of more than $30,000,000—averaging over $3,000 each.

Not only this, but the men operating

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the cars sold $18,000,000 worth of securities to the passengers. Thus the company, through its employees, did away with all underwriting and syndicating operations, received full value for its obligations, and enlisted popular support. It has been easy to persuade people to buy a security the return from which will pay their car-fare. This is, of course, communism, but without red flags and humbug. It is competent industrial democracy.

Employees are also paid higher wages there than on any other traction line in the country, the cars are better cared for, and there has been a reduction in the amount of carelessness and resulting damage that has a marked effect upon the cost of operation.

Besides the investment phase carried on co-operatively through the Employees' Association, a benefit fund exists ample for all emergencies. It gave liberally to the families of policemen killed on duty, gave Dr. Russell H. Conwell a needed lift, made a liberal contribution to the Florida storm sufferers, and even helped out the Sesqui-Centennial.

To all this has now been added a co-operative bank, also under Mitten management. Of its purpose the founder says:

> Mitten Men and Management Bank is the ultimate expression of the Mitten plan of helping labor to become capital. You men who have now learned to appreciate the great happiness that comes from giving, are in 1926 here pledging your time and money—through the activities of this bank—to magnify by 10,000 times the great work of doing good to others which I here struggled alone to accomplish at the outset in 1910.
>
> Mitten Men and Management Bank is not out to earn or to pay big dividends. The policy of this bank is to help others to help themselves, even as P. R. T. men have been helped to help themselves. The family that has but $100 needs the aid of this bank to increase its estate—one hundred times more than the man who has $10,000. Safe deposit boxes at $2 a year—free advice on the making of wills to protect the families of workers, and not more than actual cost of administering the estates of poor people, will not be productive of big dividends in money, but will pay big in helping to increase the savings of the workingman.

To reach this point the Philadelphia public had to pay dearly. Under the Widener-Elkins syndicate investors were fleeced, just as they were under the Whitney-Ryan combination in New York and the Long Island Traction Group in Brooklyn. Yet the vast wreckage in Philadelphia has been reclaimed.

The great part of the reclamation was on a five-cent-fare basis. The present rate is seven cents, with free transfers. This was forced on Mr. Mitten by the controllers of the overhead securities, very much against his will. He wished to continue the five-cent fare and make a charge for transfers, but was outvoted, with the result that 100,000,000 short riders, the most profitable sort, were lost in the first year, and the benefits aimed at were not achieved.

The Philadelphia Company has taken over all forms of transit, including not only the city-owned subway, but even taxicab service. It has developed bus lines where trolleys do not pay, has established parking places for auto users on the edge of the town where they may transfer to transit lines, and during the Sesqui-Centennial successfully operated an air line to Washington.

This shows what can be done by common sense, co-operation, and freedom from financial exploitation. It is the thing all cities are entitled to, but which Philadelphia has alone secured.

How to Tell a Classic

By LAWRENCE F. ABBOTT

Contributing Editor of The Outlook

THE word "classic" is anathema to a good many of the young people of the day. Classic music, classic paintings, classic poems, and even classic novels they avoid if they can. They appear to regard the adjective classic as a synonym of boresome. Unfortunately, there is too much justification for their attitude—not in the real classics, but in the methods which our schools and colleges adopt in initiating young students into the so-called mysteries of classical literature. When the preparatory-school pupil is plunged head first into Xenophon's "Anabasis" or Cæsar's "Commentaries" and told that this is the way to become familiar with "the classics," no wonder he gets a repellent shock like that of a douche of cold water. In French he is told to read Corneille and Racine—or at least he used to be in my student days—and in English he is made to pull Shakespeare to pieces like a treatise on chemistry or is set to work on the novels of Richardson and Fielding or the most antiquarian of the tales of Scott.

If I were trying to interest a group of school boys or girls in classical literature, I should begin by saying to them some of the things set down in this article. In fact, I recently did say them to a high school assembly in one of the boroughs of New York City when invited to do so by the head of the Department of English. I infer from the attitude of my audience that they were interested. Whether their teachers approved is more doubtful. These boys and girls were not studying Greek and Latin, but they were supposed to be learning something about the classics of English literature. If what I said is true of English classics, it is also true—although doubtless not the whole truth—of Latin, Greek, French, and Italian classics.

The word classic comes from the Latin adjective *classicus*. Now *classicus* had to do with the classes or divisions of society under one of the Roman constitutions. The word gradually came to mean belonging to the first class. And so we use the word class in American slang to mean first rate, tip-top, or, as the English say in their slang, "topping." If you ask an Eton boy whether he had a good time at a party, he will answer, "Topping!" You ask an American schoolboy about some pretty girl he knows, and perhaps he will reply, "I'll say she has some class!" The word class, therefore, means of extra fine quality.

In literature the word classic was originally limited to Greek and Latin prose and poetry. It has now come to mean any piece of literature whose quality is such that it has survived for fifty or a hundred years and is by common consent regarded as so good as to be permanent. A literary classic should possess one or all of the following qualities:

I. It should reflect the mode of thought and the customs and manners of its time.

The travels of Herodotus, the dialogues of Socrates, and the novels of Jane Austen are examples.

II. It should be written in a beautiful and striking style.

Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech is an example.

III. It should spring from and appeal to a cultivated imagination.

The poems of Keats are an example.

IV. It should be a contribution to the thought of the world and should stimulate the thought of the world.

The essays of Ralph Waldo Emerson are an example.

V. It should possess a universal human interest and express all phases of human experience.

The Old Testament and Shakespeare's plays are examples.

No one generation can determine what classics it is producing. The final judg-

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ment must and will be pronounced by succeeding generations. Walt Whitman and Lincoln were looked on with contempt by many of their most highly educated contemporaries. And yet Whitman's "O Captain! My Captain!" and Lincoln's Gettysburg Speech will live as long as the English language lives.

Nor does a classic have to be "high-brow stuff." If it is a genuine intelligent and witty picture of a certain aspect of society, even a "best-seller" may become a classic; although I am bound to say that most of our modern best-sellers have very little chance of achieving this immortality. The "Pickwick Papers," the "Biglow Papers," and "Nights with Uncle Remus" were all best-sellers and are all classics. I hope I shall shock nobody by saying that I think "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes" is more likely to become a classic than many contemporary novels or stories that are much more pretentious. Artificial and pretentious writing never makes a classic. Sincerity, simplicity, and spontaneity are qualities that every true classic—whether in music, painting, prose, or poetry—possesses; all others pretending to the title are counterfeits. Let nobody hoodwink you into supposing that the classics are pompous, stilted, and boresome. If they were, nobody would read them—not even your teachers and professors.

The most outstanding example of the simplicity and spontaneity of a classic that occurs to me at the moment is Xavier de Maistre's "Voyage autour de ma chambre." Here is an army officer who, while under arrest for participation in a duel, wrote a description of his bedroom. The description is enlivened by comments on and allusions to nature, human nature, art, books, psychology, etc., etc.—comments suggested by the objects in his room. He begins by saying that this kind of journey has the great merit of costing nothing. For this reason it will appeal to people of moderate fortune. For the same reason it will appeal to the rich, who like as well as anybody to get bargains. It will appeal to invalids who fear storms and cold; to cowards who fear thieves, precipices, and bogs; to the indolent who dislike physical labor. "Join me," he says, "in my journey; we will travel in easy stages, laughing along the way at those tourists who struggle to see Rome and Paris. Not a single obstacle shall stop us, and giving ourselves up to our imagination we shall follow wherever it may be pleased to lead us."

De Maistre had not the faintest idea that he was writing a classic. He wrote to relieve the tedium of six weeks' confinement to his room. But one French critic says that "his chatting with the reader is ravishing," and Professor de Sumichrast, of Harvard, thus assigns his place in French literature:

> Xavier de Maistre is honest, sincere. There is not a trace of affectation, not a shade of vanity in his reflections. . . . To be sure, he was not a genius and he is not to be counted among the grand figures of French literature. But he was very human, a careful and penetrating observer, a charming talker, a first-rate story-teller, so attractive and engaging that once his book is read its savor, perfume, and brilliance linger with the reader; the "Voyage autour de ma chambre" rests in the memory as one of the most delightful souvenirs of the pleasure of reading.

Here is perhaps revealed the best test of a true classic. Is the memory of a book as great a source of pleasure as the reading of the book itself?

Lifting by Boot-Straps

By Elbert Francis Baldwin

The Outlook's Editor in Europe

TO relieve the economic situation in our own country men are proposing various agricultural experiments involving Government aid. It is interesting to note the result of one such experiment in Switzerland.

A century ago that country produced four-fifths of the grain necessary for the food supply of the population at that time. To supply the present population Switzerland produces less than one-fifth of the quantity required.

This is due to:

(1) The rapid strides of industry, resulting in a large growth of non-agricultural population;

(2) Increased individual demand;

(3) The superior quality and cheapness of foreign (American) grain, because both of more favorable climatic conditions and the economies in the corporate working of our "vast waving prairies" by perfected machinery as opposed to operation of the tiny grain fields one sees hereabouts.

HEMMED in by warring nations, 1914–18, in order to produce bread for the people the Swiss Government took over all the grain crops, save amounts necessary to meet the family needs of the grain growers themselves. By ruthlessly forcing cultivation it actually did, towards the end of the war, supply from home products about half the grain necessary to a very strictly and painfully rationed consumption. A Swiss friend then wrote to me from Geneva: "We have no more bread per person than the Parisians had at the end of the Prussian siege" (1871).

In other words, the Swiss Government established a monopoly.

Its Federal Trade Bureau at Berne, the capital, bought at an attractive price all the Swiss grain offered and exclusively controlled all imported wheat. It established a selling price to cover these purchases and overhead expenses. No profit was involved, save enough to constitute reserves destined to stabilize prices.

In consequence of the unrestricted submarine warfare of 1917, wheat imports into Switzerland diminished alarmingly. The Government then, sequestering the whole crop, ordered each grain grower to sow at least as much land as in the preceding year and, in addition, imposed on the cantons the order to cultivate 125,000 acres additional.

BUT the useful thing in war time is not always equally so in peace time.

After the war the Government monopoly tried to encourage cultivation by the guaranty of purchase of the crop at a price fixed a very long time in advance. Even this did not save the Swiss wheat area from diminishing. Whereas during the war prices for domestic and imported wheat, paid by the monopoly, had varied little, the quotation on domestic wheat now shot up one, three, twenty points, only to fall again half-way, remaining still at a relatively high rate. Administration charges were kept as low as possible, but grain has been costing much more at Berne than at Berlin, Prague, or Rome, and very much more than at Paris or Brussels.

The total net loss to Swiss buyers, it is stated, has exceeded $35,000,000. So

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ch for artificial, monopolistic interfer-
e with the natural course of trade.
Of course, the main difficulty in Switz-
and has been to fix a price for the
duction of indigenous cereals, mak-
their production possible. It costs
nething to raise grain here. Natu-
y, only non-mountainous territory
be utilized, and even this shows a
ninution, as has been said, in the area
oted to grain. Doubtless the great
son for this is the realization of the
t that there is too much rain in Switz-
and for wheat production, and that
whole country is far better adapted
cattle breeding and dairy products.
ese now account for nearly four-fifths
Switzerland's income from agriculture,
it from cereals being less than one-
entieth of the whole.
Despite all this, the agrarians and
cialists, in their desire to increase the
duction of indigenous grain, have
n demanding still greater sacrifices
m the Government. They contend
it only by its aid could Switzerland
ve an even half-way supply of cereals,
be relied on in case of a possible fu-
e European war; or could agricultur-
be induced to turn from cattle-rais-
to greater grain cultivation, main-
ning prices with a minimum of fluc-
tion. Hence, despite its discouraging
ord, the Government consented to a
popular vote as to whether or not to continue the monopoly, hoping for better times.

The monopoly had been maintained and continued in virtue of the exceptional war powers then granted to the Government, though really contrary to the Swiss Constitution. The electorate was therefore asked, whether, by a new qualifying article to be added to the Constitution, it would legalize this proceeding. A decisive vote meant both a popular and a cantonal majority.

LAST Sunday, December 5, throughout all Switzerland the bells in the church-towers summoned the citizens to their electoral duties. Nowhere more than in this country is an election impressive. Occurring on Sunday, it has almost a religious character. Some years ago I spent a summer at Wiesen, in the Engadine. On the morning of the election the herders, dressed in their Sunday best, came down from the surrounding mountain pastures, listened to a sermon in the church on the privilege and dignity of the vote, and then, filing out, solemnly deposited their ballots in the waiting urn.

This year's popular decision was in the negative—371,300 citizens voting to abolish the monopoly against 365,100 to continue it, a close vote. The cantonal result was more conclusive—14 cantons in favor of abolishment against 8 for continuance.

The question of grain monopoly, it must be added, was not the only thing confronting the electorate. The majority vote was, above all, a vote on principle.

FREEDOM of commerce and industry lies at the foundation of the Swiss economic system. A grain monopoly has created a privilege for a certain very small category of voters—the grain growers. This, the Socialists indicated, was but their first step in the socialization of the national economic life. Naturally! Why, indeed, should not the very large category composed of the cattlemen have such privilege, or, if you like, the other small categories, the wine-growers and the fruit growers? Why should not all other agricultural categories follow suit—and then, inevitably, the various classes of industry?

Yet how about a Constitution which regards all citizens as equal before the law?

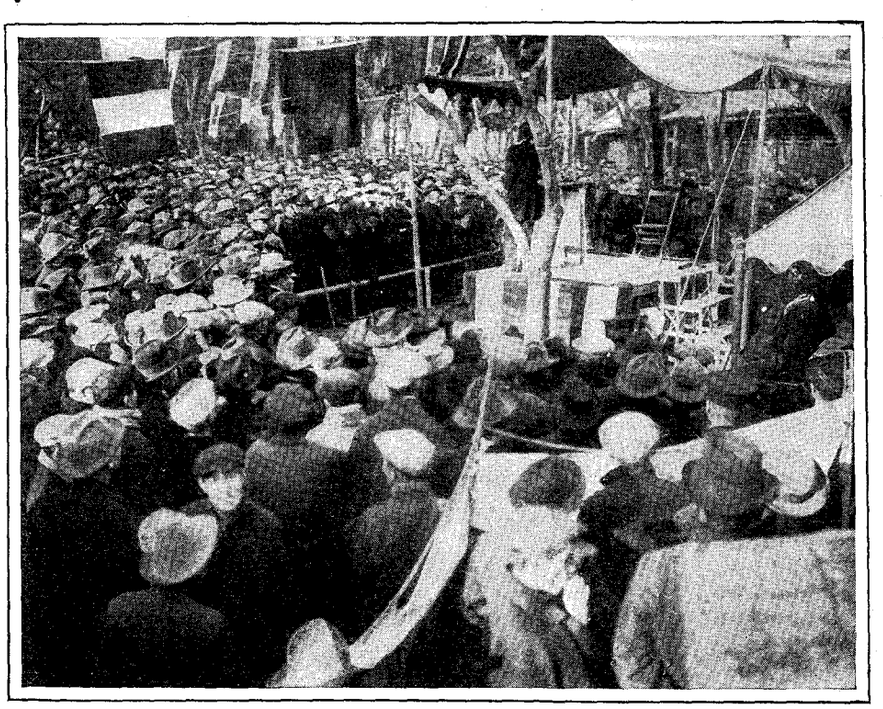
The plight of Swiss and American agriculturists seems pitiable. But some methods recommended to extricate them mean simply an attempt to lift by tugging at boot-straps.

Geneva, December 7, 1926.

New Mass Power in Japan

By ADACHI KINNOSUKE

HISTORY, after many, many patient centuries, has at last given to the proletarians of Nippon a l-letter day. It fell on October 17, 26. On that day the Nippon Farm-' Party was born with something of mp and circumstance in the city of kyo.
On the self-same day also the Nippon ople's Party was launched in the tropolitan city of Osaka, which out-aks Tokyo now in wealth and the mber of people in it.
Here in America, the birth of a party e these is just the birth of a party—at's all. In Nippon of 1926 it is more citing than the Boston Tea Party or e signing of the Declaration of Inde-ndence ever was. For a rather simple ason—that nothing like that had ever ppened before in all the twenty-five-ntury story of that country.
Since the time of the gods our people er there have always looked up to the bove-cloud" circles for the source of



Electioneering in Japan

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governmental powers. And when a people keep on looking up for orders for 2,580 years, they are apt to get a habit. For centuries our society had been divided into two major sections, in the simplest and most primitive fashion imaginable: the one giving orders and the other carrying them into effect. Confucius, who was a much greater politician than he ever was a prophet of spiritual light, was largely responsible for it. With all his tremendous prestige, the Sage of Shantung imposed this crude socio-political system upon the peoples of the Far East.

After twenty-five centuries of this simple régime, and all of a sudden, Nippon was driven out—literally kicked out—into the middle current of the world tide of political thought. An American Commodore by the name of Perry did it. There is a fashionable talk among our American friends to-day about self-determination and about the wickedness of meddling with the affairs of other peoples. That sounds rather humorous to most of us Japanese. For if ever a foreign Power meddled with the internal affairs of its neighbor, America did on that fateful day early in 1854, when the black ships of the American Navy steamed into the Bay of Tokyo in violation of the country's laws and trained their big guns upon the heart of the Shogun's capital, the city of Edo. There was no fire-proof section in that old city then; it was entirely built of wooden houses. The threat of burning it up with a few well-directed shots was no idle jest to our pompous ancestors. In insolence and high-handedness history knows few equals of this act of Commodore Perry. Of course, it was all a bluff; the kindly American Commodore had not the remotest idea of firing on the defenseless city. But the Elders of the Shogun's Government—who were a lot of gigantic bluffs themselves—could not see through this little American play at all. So they opened up the country to the four winds of the world's political thought. Did this wake up our people and make them see and realize that the real source of political power rested with the people themselves, and not with the minority who had always lorded it over them? It did not. It did not break their habit of centuries of looking up for orders—not in the least.

If our American friends, therefore, would read the meaning of the coming of our mass into political power aright, they must look at the birth of our two proletarian parties in the light of the following historical facts:

1. Our constitutional Government was a free and kindly gift of our enlightened monarch, the Meiji Emperor. Our people didn't do a thing to get it. They did not even dream of asking for it. It was actually and literally forced upon the people in spite of them.

2. Our Constitution is the one and only bloodless charter of political freedom known to history. Our people did not shed a single drop of blood for it. Far from fighting for it, they did not like the idea of our Emperor limiting his own absolute powers. They did their best to accept this priceless gift as quietly and as gracefully as possible because—and solely and simply because—it came from their beloved sovereign. If any other mortal but the Emperor had even suggested such a thing as curtailing the powers and prerogatives of our Emperor or of the Imperial house, he would have been lynched on the spot. The Emperor himself limited his own absolute power, so they could not say anything. And that was all.

3. Our Imperial family is a political miracle, anyway. It holds the record of being positively the only human institution which has not abused its absolute power for five-and-twenty centuries. Of what other reigning house could this be said? Small wonder that our people look upon it as something utterly unhuman, haloed with a touch of the divine. A few days before I wrote these lines, Yoshihito, the 123d sovereign of Nippon, lay at his Hayama Palace with fever at 104° and his pulse racing at 120 a minute. And the whole country was turned into one vast prayer-meeting before its countless shrines. These millions of streaming eyes and quivering lips were not praying for the head of a government, for a mere ruler. Of that, you may be sure. They were praying for their dear-beloved father—the father who had devoted his whole life to helping the poor and relieving the suffering of unfortunates and fighting for the under dogs among his children.

Our Imperial house is the one magic power that holds Nippon as a solid unit under all stresses and storms of political weather. Therein lies the secret of the greatness of that small Island Empire.

All this being true, when our mass wake up to find that the sovereign power of state really resides with and springs from the people themselves, and not from above, it excites them not at all as far as their attitude toward their Emperor and the Imperial house is concerned. It is this that turns the very thought of a political revolution in that country into an impossible joke.

The coming of the Nippon mass in its own, therefore, has an entirely diffe ent meaning from what a similar eve has had in Europe and America. It no hurricane signal. It spells a bright day, a bit more crowded day, in our p litical circles. About the only peo who are completely up in the air a worried sick over the new order of thin are our old-type politicians. And that a good thing—a vastly amusing thing the rest of the country.

The Nippon Farmers' Party, as stands now, is composed of a lar body of conservative farmers who h seceded from the ranks of the Farme Union, which had been one of the t leading factors in the make-up of t Labor-Farmer Party, which had gone the rocks. The seceders organized the selves under the name of the All-Nipp Farmers' Federation. That was April, 1926. On July 5 they met take the first step in building up nation-wide political party for the pr motion and protection of the interests farm labor of Japan. Farmers of Yam nashi, Niigata, Gifu, Tokyo, and fi other prefectures, as well as those Hokkaido, our great northern islan supported the movement actively. A on October 17, 1926, as has been me tioned at the beginning of this artic the leaders of the farmers met at t Kyocho Hall, in Shiba Park, Tokyo, a launched the proletarian party under t imposing name of Nippon Nomin To- the Nippon Farmers' Party. Here a the four principal planks of their pla form:

1. Emancipation from the tyrannic oppression and abuse under the politic administration of the privileged classe Immediate realization of social justice

2. Prosperity and security of t country through fairer distribution wealth and growth of industries.

3. Reform of the present unnatur political systems and customs and t establishment of the New Nippon on rational political system.

4. Denouncement of city culture an the development of rural civilization i tune with the sunshine, the open space and with the soil.

The Nippon People's Party, whic came into being on the same day as t Nippon Farmers' Party, has much i common with it as far as its platform concerned. It calls for the formation a more rational society based on "soci justice." It demands the realization the Government for the proletariat an by that class. It demands reform in th present parliamentary system of th country. It demands the establishmen

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Polling booth in Japan

of a new industrial policy and of a new standard of social politics.

Both these two new parties stand stoutly for orderly, parliamentary procedure in getting what they want and are utterly opposed to radical or revolutionary methods. With them, "direct action" is taboo. They stand, therefore, as the right wing of our proletarian parties.

The "Kokumin," one of the leading newspapers in Tokyo, opened its leading editorial devoted to the formation of the new parties with, "We hail with enthusiasm the organization of the Japan Farmers' Party." "October 17 was a felicitous day," declared the "Yamato," another Tokyo daily, also, in its leading editorial, "for the Japan Farmers' Party and the Japan People's Party were successfully organized on that day." The rest of the nation's press tuned in in quite as happy a vein as the above. And this was something remarkable. For no political party of the past had enjoyed such unanimous and hearty salute at its birth as these two humble parties received.

Perhaps the most eloquent thing about the appearance of these proletarian political parties was that the whole country felt something like ice and fire traveling up and down its spine over the birth yelps of these two proletarian political parties. The people felt the thrill of the dawn-break of a new order of things.

THEY were the first political parties in the real sense of the word that Nippon has seen in all her twenty-five-century history. Our old political parties were not much more than so many feudal clans masquerading under an up-to-date and fashionable name, all out for the pleasant and profitable pastime of shaking down ripe and juicy plums. Their solemnly paraded platforms meant nothing in their old moss-coated life of corruption. They did not stand and fall for political principles. It was on the personality, power, and prestige of their chief—and nothing else—that their parties were founded and built. They never fought for political principles; they always fought for their chieftain—as in the good old feudal days—and for the spoils of war. They talked of the constitutional state, of the right of the people, of the parliamentary government, and so on glibly enough, but their actions by day, and especially by night, proved them the shining citizens of the dark ages.

So there we were; after thirty-seven years of so-called constitutional régime (for the present Constitution was promulgated on the snowy morning of February 11, 1889) our beloved Nippon has at last managed to hatch a few real political parties which were built solely on political principles and platforms, and in no sense whatever on the power and personality of chieftains. The very first political parties, moreover, which proclaimed the all-important political creed: That the source of sovereign power of the land is with the people. It was quite an event.

And they were happy enough to come at the time when our old political parties, without exception, had lost the last vestige of popular confidence under the persistent avalanche of ill-smelling scandals. To-day our people's fancy turns not at all gently to hog runs of a slaughter-house whenever the politics and politicians are mentioned. They are thoroughly and unspeakably disgusted with the whole business; nothing can possibly be worse than the old existing political parties. Anything new appeals to them as a distinct relief.

WHAT really brought the proletarian parties into the picture was, of course, our new universal manhood suffrage law. It passed the Imperial Diet in March, 1925, and was promulgated by the Imperial Rescript of January 30. It took away the property qualification of the voter entirely. Literally, with the single stroke of legislation, it increased the number of voters from less than 3,000,000 to pretty close to 13,000,000—more than quadrupled the electorate overnight, as it were. And these new voters will come into play with the next general election, which may be precipitated at any time now with the fall of the present Wakatsuki Government, which is admitted to be decidedly wobbly even by its ardent supporters. And the formation of the two proletarian parties is one of the chief preparations for the political drama which is about to open with the Fifty-fifth Session of the Imperial Diet.

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H. R. H. Prince William of Sweden

Explorer, Big-Game Hunter, Author, and Critic

By VICTOR O. FREEBURG

HAVING hunted tigers in India and gorillas in Africa, Prince William of Sweden is coming to the United States to brave the adventures of a lecture tour. Doubtless the venture will prove a success, because the Prince has many fascinating tales to tell and is, moreover, the kind of man that Americans like to call a "regular guy." He may not own a radio set, but he does own a Ford coupé, and, having no chauffeur, he drives it himself through the streets of Stockholm or over the country roads of Sweden. A naval officer by training, he is devoting his life to the profession of writing, a profession in which there are no royal short cuts to distinction. He has had considerable success as a poet, playwright, dramatic critic, novelist, and writer of travel sketches; he has even won his way into leading American magazines; but he is still working hard, and is under no illusion that he has scaled the topmost heights of literary expression.

American audiences will see a tall man whose slender, rather bony face, which favors the lineaments of his father, still bears the marks of suffering from tropical fevers. It is the face of a dreamer, yet the kind of dreamer who has commanded war-ships in the Baltic and black men in the jungles.

Prince William is forty-two years old, the second son of King Gustaf V of Sweden, and the only living brother of Crown Prince Gustaf Adolf, whose recent visit together with the Crown Princess is well remembered. He was married some years ago to the Russian Grand Duchess Maria Pavlovna, but this marriage has been dissolved. His son, Prince Lennart, is now attending school in Stockholm.

This will be Prince William's second visit to America, his first having taken place in 1907, when he came as a young naval lieutenant on board a Swedish cruiser in order to represent his country at the Jamestown Exposition. He had won his rank, not through royal favor, but in the regular way, by completing the courses at the Swedish Naval Academy and the preliminary period of training at sea. As a cadet he excelled in the winter sports characteristic of his country, namely, ski-running, ski-jumping, skating, hockey, and ice-boating. Somewhat later he became so skilled in motoring that he set one of the early speed records for Sweden. In 1913 he won the first prize for non-professional drivers in the overland winter races between Stockholm and Gothenburg.

THAT this young officer and sportsman should turn to the writing of poetry doesn't seem strange when we recall that his grandfather Oscar II was a poet whose verse is still popular. Incidentally, a brother of King Oscar II was an unusually gifted composer, and Prince William's uncle, Prince Eugene, is a painter of international fame. With such family traditions, it was natural that Prince William should occasionally lay aside his books on navigation or gunnery and try his hand at composing chanteys and ballads. While many of these efforts were torn up and scattered to the winds, many others survived and are even now being sung by "square-head" sailors. The Prince's shipmates also discovered that he had dramatic talent, and he was given the task of writing plays for amateur production during festive celebrations on board.

But it is one thing to write for uncritical comrades, and quite a different thing to write for the public. So it happened that Prince William's first published book appeared under a pseudonym. It was a translation of L. Hope's "The Garden of Kama," under the title "Indian Erotics," and the translator called himself "L. Wica." The shift of interest from the ways of the Baltic Sea to the ways of love-making in India—at least as subjects for literary exercise—happened in connection with a trip to Siam and India in 1911 and 1912. Prince William represented Sweden at the coronation of King Maha Vajiravudh in Bangkok. Later he had an opportunity to hunt big game in the jungles of India. This tour resulted in the first book under his own name, "Where the Sun Shines," a collection of vivid and highly readable sketches of India and Siam.

The Prince next made an extended trip to East Africa. There he killed a number of lions and captured one cub, which he brought back as a pet to his apartment in the royal palace in Stockholm. For several months the cub was the boon companion of Prince William and his young son. But as the animal grew older it seemed to become too much of a lion for the peace of the palace, and the Prince obligingly gave it away to a zoölogical garden.

WHEN the World War broke out, Prince William, then a lieutenant-commander, took command of a destroyer, with orders to see that Sweden's neutrality was not violated. In time he was appointed commander of a division of destroyers, and in this capacity he escorted many American, English, and French ships safely out of the Baltic and away from the German reconnoitering fleets. It was a time of great strain even for officers in a neutral navy, and the Prince's emotions found expression again in poetry. A volume of verse with the significant title "Extinguished Beacons" appeared in 1916, and another volume, entitled "Black and White," appeared in 1918. Both were very favorably received by the critics, who now hailed William as a poet of the first rank in Sweden. A third volume of poems, entitled "Selene," upholds his reputation.

When the war was over, the Prince resigned from active naval service in order to give more time to literary work. Within a year he published a collection of short stories under the title "The Old Pine." These stories, like the poems published earlier, revealed the deep impressions left by the stirring years 1914–18. As fiction the stories were of uneven quality, but at least they showed the versatility of their author. The critics encouraged him to continue, and the motion-picture companies began bidding for his output.

Desiring to extend the horizons of his experience, Prince William in 1920 began a series of travels. First he visited the Arctic island of Spitzbergen. Then he spent some time in Honduras, Guatemala, and other Central American countries, where he had some near-adventures in connection with the usual revolutions. It is related that on one occasion Prince William innocently walked into a street skirmish. A young soldier, trying in vain to operate a machine gun, asked the intelligent-looking stranger for assistance. The Prince and the soldier then pooled their skill, with the result that they put their own gun completely out of commission.

The literary result of Prince William's travels in Latin-American countries was a great descriptive work entitled "Between Two Continents." It appeared in 1921, but before it was off the press he started on his eventful exploring trips in Central Africa, which have already given material for four books and are to be

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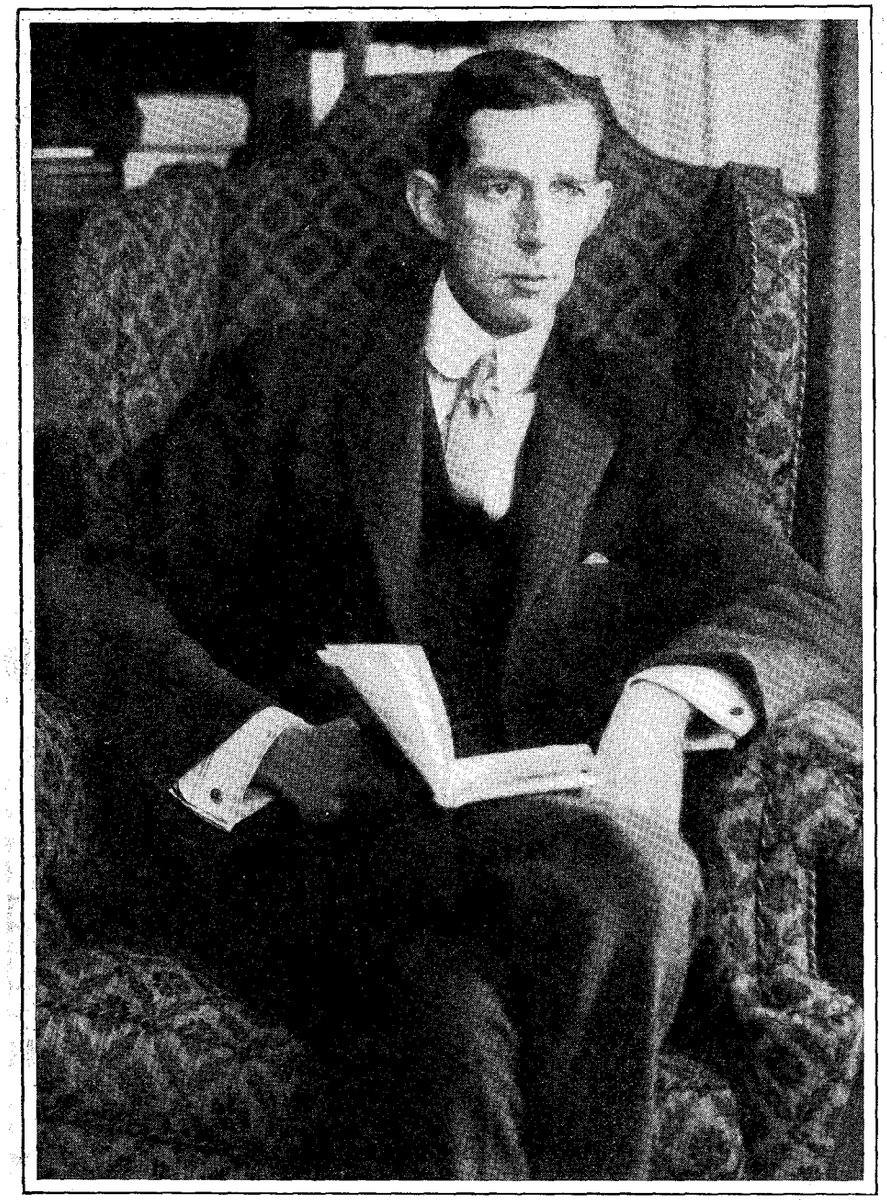

Prince William of Sweden

the subject of his lectures in the United States. He was accompanied by Swedish scientists, and the primary object was to make collections for the Riksmuseum in Stockholm. Most of the exploring was done in the wilds of the Belgian Congo. Lions, gorillas, and other big game were bagged by the Prince, and a remarkable series of motion pictures of animal life was made by the camera man of the party. It was on this trip that Prince William suffered his third, and nearly fatal, attack of fever. He became ill when the expedition was a twelve days' journey away from the nearest doctor, and for a long time his life was despaired of. When he got well, he made a record of all his impressions in connection with the fever and used this as the basis of one of his most thrilling short stories.

A vivid description of the entire expedition was made by Prince William in his book "Among Pygmies and Gorillas," which has appeared in several languages, and has had a wide sale in the United States. A second book, entitled "At the Water Holes," further illustrates his African experiences. Had Prince William been satisfied merely to record his fascinating travels, he might now have rested on his laurels. But he is a creative writer, and hence naturally wove many of his observations into imaginative tales which he published in a volume entitled "Black Novels." They are stories of jungle love, native superstitions, the magic of medicine men, and the strange experiences that come to white men in a black civilization. All of them deftly reproduce the atmosphere of picturesque African settings.

However, Prince William is more interested in human character than in the coloration of scene. This interest, dominant in "Black Novels," found more direct expression in his play "Kinangozi," which was the fourth literary work inspired by the trip into Africa. The action is laid in the Belgian Congo and concerns the dramatic meeting in the wilderness between an Englishwoman and an Englishman who once in their youth had loved each other. This play has already been successfully produced in Europe, and is now being considered for possible adaptation to the stage here in America.

The success of his first play encouraged Prince William to try his hand again. He wrote a drama entitled "On Board," in which an Atlantic liner is the scene. The action is an allegorical study of modern civilization, in which labor, represented by the mutinous crew, menaces the upper classes, represented as passengers who are concerned over their own squabbles but unaware of the dangers that threaten the ship of state.

"On Board" had its *première* in Finland during the autumn of 1926, and, while it may not be destined to any phenomenal runs, it reveals Prince William's deep interest in social problems. He has recently completed a play which he describes as a drama of ideas. It is entitled "The Other One," and has been accepted for production at the Oscar Theatre in Stockholm.

This royal dramatist is a regular "first-nighter." He has to be, in order to hold one of his jobs, which is that of dramatic critic for a Stockholm weekly. "I'm afraid I wouldn't be much good as a critic on a daily," said the Prince recently to a correspondent, "because it takes me too long to make up my mind about the real merits of the play and its production." However that may be, he succeeds in making up his mind at least once a week in a very entertaining way, and his department in the weekly "Idun" has long been a popular feature.

No wonder they call him "the hard-working Prince." He works even on his vacations. Spending a few months in the Riviera not long ago meant for him the writing of another book. It is out now, a delightful study of folk-ways and scenes of historical association in the south of France. Prince William is in natural sympathy with this subject, for it may be recalled that he is the direct descendant of a great Frenchman, Jean Baptiste Bernadotte, who was a marshal under Napoleon before he became King of Sweden and founder of the present royal house.

When asked recently where he preferred to live, Prince William unhesitatingly answered, "My country place in Sweden." He referred to an estate of five thousand acres which he holds by virtue of being the Duke of Södermanland. In these idyllic surroundings of lakes and forests he does much of his literary work during the warmer months

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of the year. Here he lives with two or three servants in a famous old château. Occasionally he breaks the routine of his writing for recreation or to survey the work of his tenants. And sometimes over the week-end there is a party attended by his friends, among whom are prominent authors, actors, and artists.

Early in the autumn he goes up to Stockholm and opens his apartment in the royal palace. His son, who is going to school, lives with him there, and frequently the privileged visitor may find father and son pondering over some problem set by the teacher.

Standardization—Bane or Blessing?

By J. GEORGE FREDERICK

I AM a fairly young, liberal-minded business man, and I am frankly puzzled; gravely so.

When I sit at my library table of an evening and read what the leaders and thinkers of unquestioned standing say about the alarming, crushing effects of standardization upon American life, I pause and deeply consider. I am convinced.

When, on the morrow, however, I reach my business desk and read the commercial and engineering papers, the leaders in the economic field, from Herbert Hoover down, talk in precisely an opposite strain. I become bewildered. To them standardization is the greatest single contribution which American economic science has made to modern development. To them the fact that Americans now use 25 styles of collars instead of 120; 250 styles of pencils instead of 700; 300 kinds of pocket-knives instead of 1,500; 80 kinds of clocks instead of 600; eat 6 kinds of bread instead of 15; and smoke 6 kinds of cigars instead of 150, is a demonstrable blessing, and far from a bane. The number of million dollars it has saved the American public is actually calculable; the grand total runs into billions. Hoover, it is fairly sure, will go down to posterity, not so much as the dispenser of American charity in foreign lands, as the Lord High Executioner of thousands of superfluous sizes, models, shapes, and kinds of American goods, and the Great Standardizer of the industrial era. As Koko says, "they never will be missed," for the public has not uttered a single whimper for its former wasteful variety. Henry Ford is already, indeed, world famous for standardizing a certain modest form of conveyance, so that the highways and byways of the whole round globe crawl with little black ants of his creation. His factory is the very apotheosis of standardization, a veritable Temple to a Standard, to which we, of a mechanistic age, travel and worship in a certain semi-religious awe.

I

WHAT, then, is the meaning of the strange schism between those who lament, with much intellectual beating of bosom, the standardizing process in America, and those, on the other hand, who place it upon the pinnacle as our proudest achievement?

The easy, superficial answer—that it is moral and intellectual standardization, not mechanical standardization, which is insidious—will not at all satisfy a realistic inquirer. The moral, intellectual, and material are far too closely related; they are, in fact, almost one, as the doctrine of the economic interpretation of history has already well demonstrated. Sets of ideas inevitably accompany merchandise. A Ford-car owner, a safety-razor owner, a golf-set owner, has certain standard human reactions to the standard human situations in which he finds himself, and out of these inexorably rise the rudiments of a standard philosophy—even of religion. Bobbed hair, monocles, spats, Rolls-Royce cars, and villas on Long Island have so thoroughly connected themselves up to certain standardized ideas that they are already standardized synonyms and signboards of outlook, character, and philosophy. Let a movie audience catch sight of any of them, or of a man with a sombrero and chaps, and the whole world, from Etah to Siam, knows what will be the point of view and the probable character.

I submit, then, that it is useless to regard mechanistic standardization—of the merchandise and the materials of life—as not bound up with any other kind of standardization. Pick whatever standardization you especially detest, and I will undertake to connect it with the economic world and its overpowering compulsion toward standardization. *The cost of individualization is always wastefully high.* There is evident in all our so-called standardizations a choice between, on the one hand, improvement made universal, or, on the other hand, individuality made special. In all truth, it is neatly illustrated in the parable of the men's clothing situation. Forty years ago even a rustic youth had a suit tailored to his measurement. It was individual, but it was not a high tailoring standard. The great ready-made tailors picked master workers, set them to work to design standard sizes, and then provided the rustic youth with a smartness of line only the very rich young man could get to his individual measurement. The rustic youth, faced by the two choices, very sensibly chose the standardized clothes, as do most American men to-day—and now even Europeans. What the rustic youth relinquishes in individuality he is enormously compensated for in greater value, through standardization.

The Ford owner is, of course, an equally illuminating example. By accepting the replica of a million other cars, turned out like sausages in a mill, the rustic obtains a means of transportation at an amazingly low price. Add to our rustic's standardized equipment a cheap watch, a cheap chain-store pair of shoes, a chain-store hat, a package of standardized, machine-made cigarettes, and you may visualize him driving along the road in full flower as a spectacle illustrating the odious standardized American.

But he may be driving to a standardized, "ready-cut" structure serving as a church, bought from a mail-order house, and he may be meeting there his sweetheart, who is another standardized American in almost every particular. You must complete the picture. In the rustic's pocket are standardized paper dollars, whose usefulness none will deny, but the significance of which will easily be missed. The paper is worthless in itself; its only value is a certain meticulously, delicately standardized value, the slightest jarring of which would stop a million wheels from turning and bring untold chaos. The shift in purchasing power as reflected in price is as nothing compared to what would occur if there was any doubt as to the redemption of that "long green."

One might pursue the illustration and refer to the standardized Bible in the church, the standardized time by which everybody's movements are synchronized; and the standard of time fixed at Arlington to a minute fraction of a second from the stars; and here we are arrived at the master standardization of all, at the standardized systems of the heavens, at which the rustic and his sweetheart can gaze in awe while they

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follow the young generation's standardized habit of "parking."

II

THERE is no use in denying that standardization of mind, soul, and spirit is going on in America; it is too patent everywhere. Nothing that the uniformity-haters can say is beyond the mark; there is an appalling degree of sameness, of cookie-cutter character and outlook, stamped out with neatness, regularity, and despatch. I have awakened in the morning in various places in the United States, while traveling, and, whether on a train or a hotel, I have usually experienced that peculiar confusion of orientation which in a half-wakened matutinal state one often feels when one cannot for the moment recall where one is. At no other time, perhaps, is American standardization so nakedly marked as at such a time, for even after regaining all of one's faculties and taking in the sight round about one America's uniformities seem to require a few seconds longer to localize. There is identically the same equipment on every Pullman, and almost identically the same furniture and decoration in every hotel room from one end of the country to another. Even the cities and towns lose themselves in a blur of similarity. The men in the smoking compartment seem more or less the same; the women—but why go on? The indictment is too, too familiar; with this exception: that the "young intellectuals" who are loudest in their denunciation of standardization are alike as two peas in a pod themselves, and that already we have "Greenwich Villages" in half a dozen or more cities from coast to coast, standardizing even Bohemia, even to Batik shops, purple pillows, and dragon-red tea-rooms!

You see, therefore, what a confusion crowds itself upon one who digs below the surface of this welter of standardization. Mighty economic forces, empowered by economy, efficiency, and the broadening of distribution of goods, appear to be whirling the wheels of standardization with a speed and a strength deadly to interfere with. Mighty intellects, on the other hand, watch the wheels go round and cry shame! The Secretary of State, himself a not unstandardized product, can say at Bunker Hill, "When we lose the right to be different we lose the privilege to be free." There is a fine, sonorous Henry Clay lilt to this sentence which sobers one. But it will not bear analysis, because it is a truism. The *right* to be different is no more challenged to-day than it ever was. There is no question of compulsion. The young man in Garden City, Kansas, who buys a Ford, a ready-made suit, a dollar watch, etc., is not doing so against his will, but, on the contrary, *he cannot be stopped!* Even if his father and mother pleaded with him to be like Thoreau and live a hermit's life, or to be different in whatever way, he would receive the suggestion with aversion. Nothing is quite so excruciating to the average young man and woman as to discover that they are not dressed like their fellows or do not have the standard slang or manner. It is ingrained in the herding animal that he wants to be like his fellows. To be truly different requires a special form of courage, and is not the natural instinct of humans.

Sometimes it seems to me that in the attack on standardization we have nothing more or less than the phenomenon of the off-normal, non-herding human reviling the herd. It seems to me that a balanced person does not resent standardization. In fact, he may well regard it as an aid to self-realization, since it is the form which modern science takes to place within his reach the values of civilization. Robinson Crusoe was the apogee of individuality; but with no standardizing forces whatsoever to aid him, he was compelled to spend most of his waking hours providing for himself. The modern American is the nadir of individuality. Never before could any human being buy so many necessities, comforts, and luxuries for so small a fraction of his labor time. True, he must accept it in standardized, mass-produced form; but the question of greater individuality appears to me to rest, not upon the abolition, but upon the maintenance of standardization, plus acts of the will and emotions for the employment of the enlarged leisure time, lengthened life span, and wider range of affectable environment.

III

IF this is wide of the mark and untenable, then I am faced with a choice between two mutually exclusive ideas—standardization economy and consequent retrogression in personality, on the one hand, or individuality, chaos, and waste on the other. A monstrous compulsion seems to be upon me to choose, "under which king, Begonian?" I perceive that it is fairly easy for those who live in a cloistered world of ideas to despise standardization; they count all well lost for the sake of an ideological individuality. But with those of us who are the practical economists of the world it seems to be thoroughly fantastic; as naïve as the Gandhi philosophy of weaving one's own clothing and passively regarding germs and disease as earthly trials for the education of the spirit.

In so far as my light in this matter goes, I believe that *there is not necessarily a choice involving the repudiation of standardization in order to preserve individuality.* Clothed and outfitted as we are with standardizations, like the equipment of explorers into new lands of progress, we will, I am convinced, nevertheless retain our individuality with a success unsuspected. Never before, it must surely be admitted, has the United States represented so many segments of difference of opinion and philosophy, religion and occupation. Never have so many political, religious, and educational sects been in existence; never has there been a greater difference of opinion as to literature, art, science, music, and never a less standardized architecture, drama, or other intellectual domain. We are not lovers of one general literature, or poetry, or art, but of a series of cults and schools. Once the humor of Petroleum V. Nasby or Bill Nye shook the Nation unitedly; to-day there are humorists for one group and humorists for a dozen other groups, none of whom thinks the other is funny. There are periodicals in great number, each with its audience, separate and quite distinct. On racial lines there are divisions of interest; and on moral grounds there is certainly no longer in the United States a mere skulking handful of dissenters from cut-and-dried provincialism, but a gorgeous galaxy of freethinkers, reaching into every State and county, and so thoroughly "free" in their thinking that there are few tenets that any single group can agree upon.

A statesmanlike view of economics must of necessity include more, not less, standardization of the necessities, comforts, and conveniences of life; and the social philosophers who fear the effects of such standardization are themselves to be found hoping to standardize the people's ideas and ideals along lines of their own bias, however benevolent in intention. One group would like to "free" them from standardized religion in order to attach them to some particular standardized political economy. Another group would free them from the much overrated standardizing effect of "rotarianism," in order to lead them toward impressionistic art, or dadaism, revolution, "one big union," or what not! In truth, the world of ideas is the modern jungle where fierce primal combat occurs, and the law of the survival of the fittest works merrily on. "Standardization" is an offensive and defensive weapon in this warfare; merely a significant following of the path of least resistance which Bertrand Russell says is now—since we understand the laws of relativity—the first rule of the universe.

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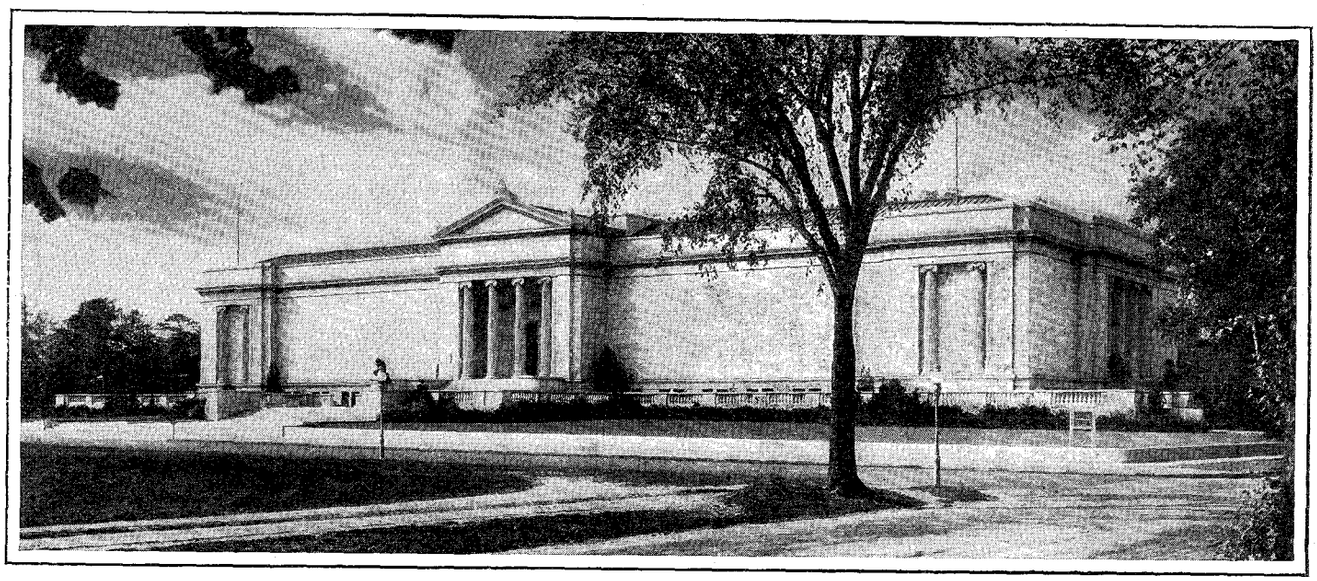

Cleveland Museum of Art

The Commonwealth of Cleveland

A City that Thinks Its Own Thoughts

By GEORGE MARVIN

THE Cleveland man abroad doesn't jump up in his chair at a reception in Paris or London to some diplomatic celebrity and yell: "Atta-boy!"

He does not then inquire at the top of his shout, "What's the matter with" —whoever the celebrity may be—and immediately reassure his victim and all others present by answering robusto, "He's all right!"

Characteristically, your average representative Cleveland man away from home does not carry on in a lunch-club manner. He is something more than Rotarian, worldly wise, used to human differences, has some sense of relative values in reality as well as in real estate, can listen with an unglazed eye. Negatively, therefore, by the deportment of its citizens in the open markets of the world you may get some idea of their city.

Positively, the Cleveland man confirms this idea at home. His attitude civically is, not the assumption that everything Cleveland is all right, but rather what, if anything, is the matter with his native city? He knows that it is not "the most beautiful city in the world." He is glad to admit that it is nowhere near the biggest, though he can't help laughing at Los Angeles's clamor for Cleveland's place in the sunny census. The stenographic force in the Chamber of Commerce has blanket instructions in copying letters or other official communications to expunge first-person pronouns and delete superlatives. In other respects, too, it is a star Chamber. Everybody in it takes every opportunity to keep out of print. They regard their positions, not as stepping-stones to other more remunerative outside jobs, but as careers in themselves. They do not impliedly say, Now what can this job do for me? They say, What can I do for this job—what can we, as an organization, accomplish in helping the Chamber help the city of Cleveland? Accordingly, as a natural reflex of this attitude of mind and commercial philosophy, you will find in the publications of the Chamber, as well as in those of other commercial bodies similarly motivated, a refreshing absence of the bunk *motif*, the blast dialects, the boost spirit. The Auditorium, for example, actually seats 12,500 people with air to breathe and a place to stow their hats; nothing is said about the 20,000 who jammed it, subway style, during the last Republican Convention. Buffalo, at the other end of Lake Erie, says it has the longest breakwater in the world. Cleveland gets out and measures its own breakwater, finds it nine feet longer than the Buffalo harbor works, and then lets it go at that; lets Buffalo have its good time.

The truth of the matter is that Cleveland doesn't boom and actually doesn't want to boom. The town grows along steadily and healthily at the rate of about 200,000 every Census—quite fast enough, Cleveland believes. The Clevelanders boast that there has never been a boom nor a dollar lost in local real estate. Theirs is pre-eminently an open-minded town; for of what use, they would seem to be saying, is the open door without the same kind of vision? Consequently, they are very moderately "sold" on the St. Lawrence deep-waterway navigation scheme that has been filling space in all Great Lakes newsprint these past ten or fifteen years, though the plan would bring Atlantic-going port development here as well as to Duluth, Detroit, and Buffalo.

This may be wise depreciation. Cleveland appreciates as discriminatingly. Each year the medal of the city—sometimes medals—is awarded to that citizen, or citizens, as the case may be, who during the preceding twelve months has been most distinguished, in the judgment of the awarding committee, for public service. Not the man who looms up most formidably in the publicity prints, but the man who goes about his own and the city's business day by day being useful, faithful to unrecorded opportunities of service, running the straight race, keeping the community's trust.

In key with such rewards of civic merit three medals are presented every year to the owners of the three best examples of architecture within the corporate limits, irrespective of size or cost,

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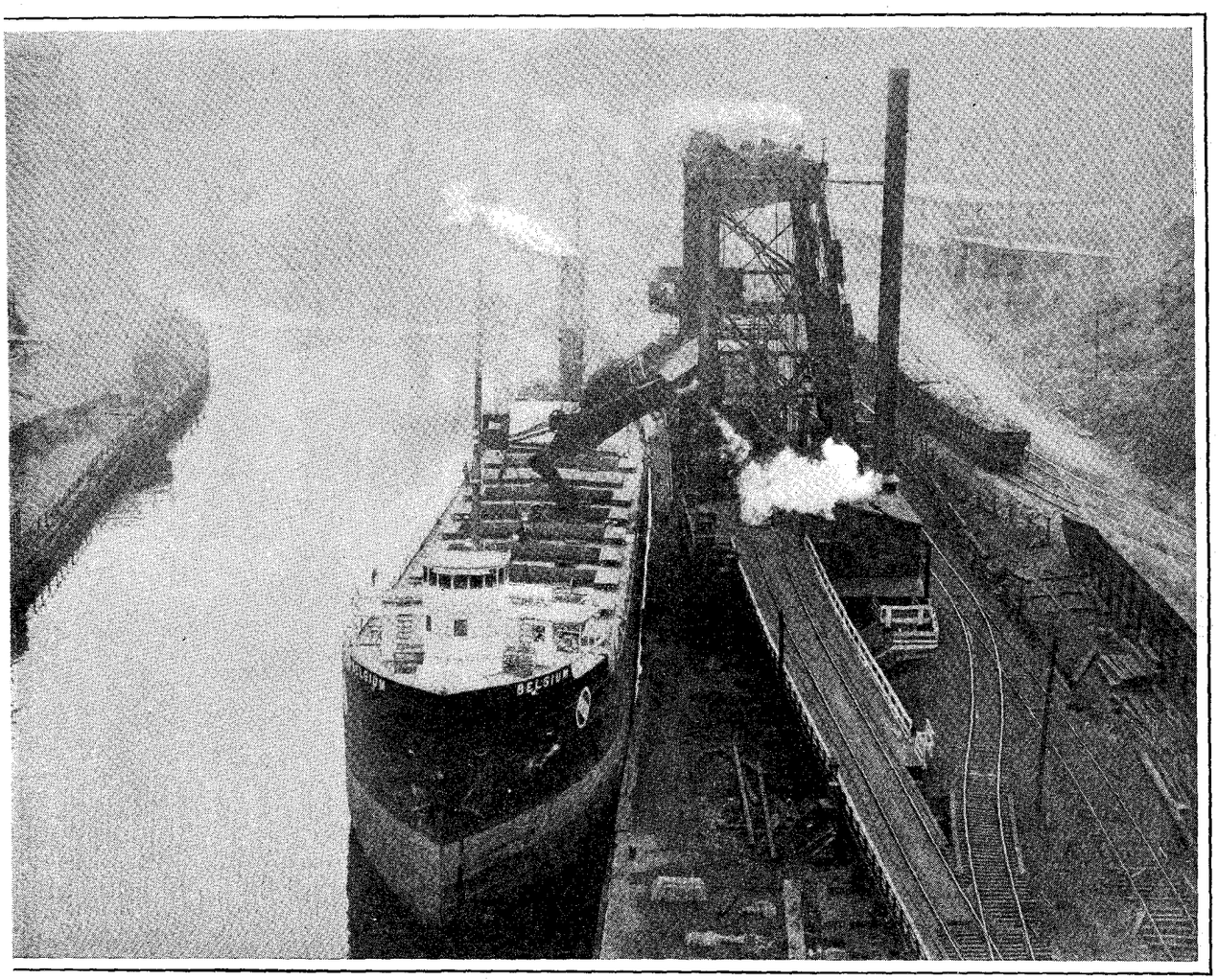
h the central idea of stimulating pub- interest in making the Cleveland of future a more attractive place to by living in. This is certainly a lthier, and a younger and more hope- attitude on the part of a city great ionesty as well as in population than spirit of another lake port, at the er end of the iron-ore freight route less than one-eighth the Census size Cleveland, which, in defiance of the patent facts of a robust prosperity, erts that it is plenty beautiful enough. the same mood Cleveland cheerfully iits that it doesn't know the answer its traffic problems while doing its to meet them, and acknowledges it is experimenting with the city- iager method of running a big munic- ity.

'om Johnson had more to do than other one man with the formation Cleveland's character; he set the ence for the city's march into the ire. The mother of the editor of one Cleveland's newspapers lived all her in the country, but went with her s to hear most of the notable speak- who came within wagon-driving earshot. The man who made more impression than any one else on the audiences of her time in rural northern Ohio and in Cleveland was Tom Johnson. He was a kind of civic evangelist, preaching civic idealism, not local boosting; good works instead of "putting things over;" aspiration rather than air. From his precept, backed up by his faithful example, the commercial bodies have adopted as their slogan "In the Public Service," a glib enough thing to say or to print, but a grand thing even to try to work out. By way of distinction these commercial bodies, perhaps not altogether *ex parte,* contrast the spirit of Cleveland with that of a more populous city on the shores of the same Great Lake in this way:

"What the hell do you want?" asks the bigger town.

"What can we do for you?" says Cleveland.

Be that as it may—and the bigger town has something to say in rebuttal—Cleveland manages to give a sojourner within its gates a fairly distinct impression of being a commonwealth. No one industry dominates it as in Detroit of the gas-wagon, or as used to be the case in the Minneapolis of the flour barrel and the Memphis of the cotton bale. Cleveland thinks its own thoughts. Reinhart found here the only place outside of Chicago and New York where he could properly, and profitably, present his "Miracle." This is also, so they say, outside of the same two most populous and richest metropolises, the best "gate" for opera or good music or the unusual in appeal. The blight of standardization in tastes and tendencies has not yet stamped the Americanism of this Ohio city. Maybe in the silences of the night Cleveland reaches a hand across the continent to little Carmel-by-the-Sea, trying in its smaller way but as courageously to live its own life in the hullaballoo of "Progress" in California. "I thank God," said another honored Johnson, some time Governor of Minnesota, "for a man who thinks, even if he thinks wrong." By how much more may thanks be given in any State for any community that takes the trouble to react originally on its own questions or problems rather than being driven into the maw of manufactured opinion?



Coal unloader in Cuyahoga River

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Financial Department

Conducted by WILLIAM LEAVITT STODDARD

The Financial Department is prepared to furnish information regarding standard investment securities, but cannot undertake to *advise* the purchase of any specific security. It will give to inquirers facts of record or information resulting from expert investigation, and a nominal charge of one dollar per inquiry will be made for this special service. The Financial Editor regrets that he cannot undertake the discussion of more than five issues of stocks or bonds in reply to any one inquirer. All letters should be addressed to THE OUTLOOK FINANCIAL DEPARTMENT, 120 East 16th Street, New York, N. Y.

Another Popular Fallacy

PERSONALLY this writer always takes almost a boyish delight in evidence which exposes—and hence explodes—a popular fallacy or misconception. Such he has just discovered in the latter part of a book with the wholly uninteresting title "Tax-Exempt Securities and the Surtax."[1]

Dramatized, this fallacy is expressed somewhat as follows:

Pessimist: Did you realize that sixteen per cent of t National income in 1924 was spent by the various gover ments—Federal, State, and local?

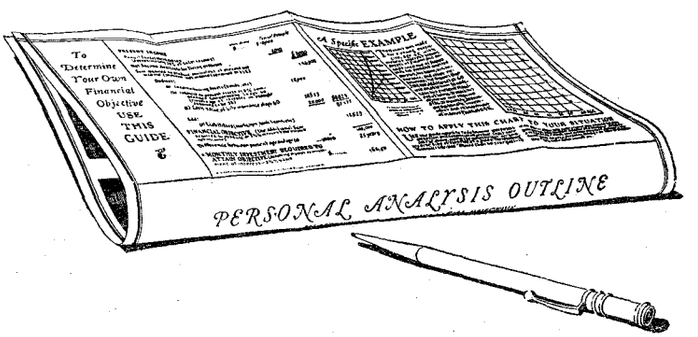
Victim: Isn't that terrible?

Pessimist: And that the expenditures of 146 of the lar cities rose from $32.46 per capita in 1911 to $60.29 1923?

Victim: Appalling!

Pessimist: And that the State governments spent $9

[1] Published by the Institute of Economics. By Charles O. Hardy and the Institute's staff. The Macmillan Company, New York.



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100,000 for outlays in 1915 and $442,800,000 in 1924?

Both: What is the country coming to? (Both wag heads sadly.)

As a general picture, the above accurately describes both the attitude of the average serious citizen and the situation. But, tremendous as the figures are, they alone give you a false impression of the truth. Nor is this a case in which figures are prevaricating. Figures don't lie; we lay the blame on figures because we don't stop to analyze them and the circumstances and conditions back of them.

Take, for example, the figures about State governmental expenditures. In 1915 the total was $95,100,000. In 1916, 1917, 1918, and 1919 there was a drop, due, no doubt, to the war. In 1923 the grand total jumped to $353,900,000, a tremendous increase. In 1924 this increased still further to $442,800,000. I have not yet seen the 1925 figures.

Now there are several classifications of governmental expenditure: General Government, protection, development and conservation of natural resources, health and sanitation, highways, charities, hospitals and corrections, schools and libraries, recreation, public service enterprises, and miscellaneous.

During the period 1915–24 expenditures decreased slightly in two of these classifications—protection and public service enterprises. There were relatively small increases in the following: General Government, from $5,200,000 to $7,300,000; health and sanitation, from $600,000 to $2,000,000; in recreation, from $1,200,000 to $2,400,000; in miscellaneous, from $200,000 to $800,000.

In conservation the figures grew from $1,500,000 to $5,400,000.

In the three remaining classifications is to be found the major increase in total cost for the period:

Highways, from $54,400 to $356,300,000.

Charities, hospitals and corrections, from $12,600,000 to $27,300,000.

Schools and libraries, from $10,900,000 to $38,100,000.

Examine these three classifications in the light of the vitally important fact that the dollar of 1924 is a smaller dollar than that of 1915. "State budgets show just what individual budgets show: namely, that a dollar does not buy as much as it did before the war. In order to obtain a true picture of the increase in the scale of State expenditure, it is necessary, therefore, to adjust the data for the change in the level of prices."

Make this perfectly reasonable adjust-

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10	2,400.00	970.43	3,370.43
15	3,600.00	2,458.72	6,058.72
20	4,800.00	4,960.20	9,760.20
30	7,200.00	14,439.46	21,639.46
40	9,600.00	34,795.30	44,395.30

Investments of other sums, such as $10, $30, $40, $50 or more a month will produce proportionate results.

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The 1927 edition of our other booklet, "*How to Build an Independent Income*", is intended particularly for men and women of moderate means, and others who wish to invest as they save. This booklet describes our Investment Savings Plan, which enables you to buy Smith Bonds of any denomination by monthly payments. Regular monthly payments earn the full rate of bond interest.

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The Outlook Financial Service Department

THE OUTLOOK
120 East 16th Street New York

ment, and what do we find? It is surprising:

The expenditures for highways in 1924, instead of $356,300,000, is $237,500,000; for charities, etc., instead of $27,300,000, it is $18,200,000; for schools and libraries, instead of $38,100,000, it is $25,400,000. The total of $421,700,000 for these three items for 1924 is reduced to $281,100,000.

Are these increases extravagant? Because the idea that they are is so prevalent, I will quote at some length from the book just referred to:

"Something between ten and fifteen per cent of our National income is expended for motor transportation. In the last ten years we have multiplied our State expenditures for new construction of rural highways by seven, and our expenditure for maintenance of the roads by five. But the same period has seen an eightfold increase in automobile registration and a tenfold increase in the consumption of gasoline. Certainly, if the people of the United States continue to spend from seven to ten billion dollars a year for the purchase and operation of automobiles, it is a good investment of public funds to spend a half billion a year for roads to run them on. A very large part, indeed, of the expenditure for the construction and maintenance of hard-surfaced roads comes back in the saving of gasoline and tires, and in the slower depreciation of cars.

"The case of the schools is similar to that of the roads. We can furnish no definitive answer to the question of ultimate values. Our long-standing traditional belief in the value of education in a democracy does not rest on scientific foundations. No amount of research will show whether the Nation's real welfare has been increased because it has educated an increased proportion of its youth. Research can, however, throw light on the question whether the investment in schools has been excessive as judged by the standard set by current popular opinion and evidenced by the extent to which the schools have been used. By this test the framers of the school building program of the last few years must be acquitted of the charge of extravagance. Individual items, of course, can be found which betray wasteful methods, but the scale of expenditures is not out of line with the demands which are being put upon the Nation's educational facilities.

"In part the great increase in expenditures for building and equipping schools is due to the necessity of making up ground lost during the years from 1917 to 1920, when the building of schools lagged far behind a normal schedule, but in larger part it is a response to an increased demand for education. In 1910, 73.5 per cent of the children between five and seventeen years of age were in the public schools; by 1922 the proportion had risen to 81.2 per cent. At the same time there was an even more striking increase in the patronage of higher institutions of learning. Between 1910 and 1922 the number of men students in colleges and universities doubled and the number of women students quadrupled."

Additional comment is not needed. I would add one word, however, in conclusion, namely: The pursuit of truth in the realm of finance is an arduous matter. It is extremely easy for an untruth or a half-truth to become current. It is next to impossible to dislodge it when it does.

From Inquiring Readers

IN a recent issue we spoke of certain issues of bonds, and made an error to which our attention has been drawn by an investment house in Boston. To correct it we quote the letter nearly in full:

"As a subscriber to The Outlook, and also being in the investment banking business, I read with considerable interest your analysis of the Arkansas Light and Power Company First and Refunding 6s, due 1954, and the Evansville and Ohio Valley Railway 5s, due 1949, appearing in your issue of October 13 of this year.

"While you are correct to a certain degree regarding Arkansas Light and Power Company First and Refunding 6s, due 1954, you do not give your readers the proper enlightenment in regard to this bond, due to the fact that the Southern Power and Light Company is owned by the Electric Bond and Share through its subsidiaries, and that on September 1 of this year these bonds were called for payment at 105 and interest.

"It seems to me that this information would be valuable to your readers or to your inquirers in the event that should they be holding any of these bonds they could turn them in for payment and receive their money. By doing this you are doing a distinct service to your subscribers and inquirers, to the trustees under the mortgage, and to the investment banking houses which are anxious to see these bonds deposited for payment.

"Regarding the Evansville and Ohio

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alley Railway First and Refunding 5s, ue 1949, you have described the in-ome bonds which are not paying any nterest. You are very much in error egarding the First and Refunding 5s, ecause the interest is being earned and ne coupon is being paid on these bonds. he First and Refunding bonds are su-erseded by a small issue of First Mort-age 6s."

THE following is sufficiently eloquent in itself and requires no further omment:

"Answering your letter of recent date, e know nothing about the personnel of ne Adam & Eve Investment Company. efore passing a final opinion we should e a copy of their financial statement, ncluding a balance-sheet. They state nat their stock has paid dividends for ourteen years. If this is true, adequate nformation about the affairs of the com-any should be available.

"'To the first ten persons answering nis letter we will furnish 1,000 shares of olden Consolidated Mines stock for 125, or just half the price asked by the ompany. The balance is to be paid on nstallments.'

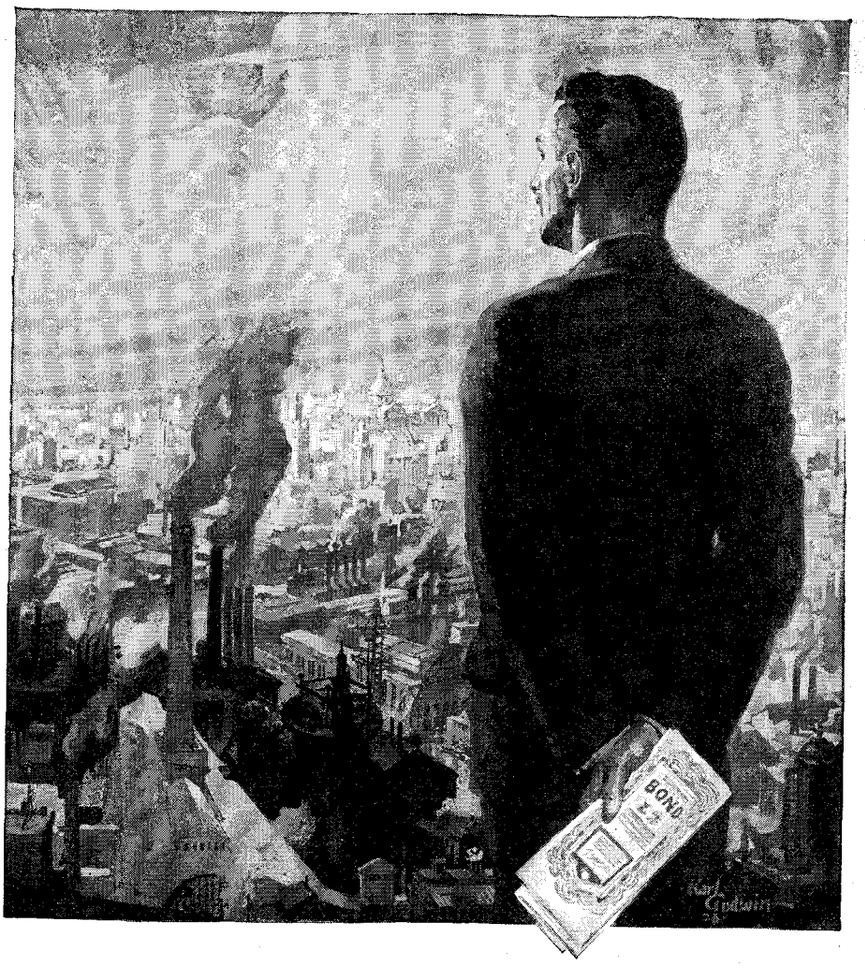
"I quote this because, while it may be ll right, the best brokers do not do busi-ess this way. It savors too much of a nurry-up' sales method to seem sound.

"Our opinion is that money put in ny of these propositions would run high peculative risks."

THE following table is more interest-ing than it appears. It is taken rom a study of prosperity by Dr. Wil-ard L. Thorp and Dr. Wesley C. Mitch-ll. We learn with some surprise that bout every other year is a year of de-ression—how profound does not appear.

Country	Period	Years of Prosperity Per Year of Depression
anada	1888–1924	1.86
nited States	1890–1923	1.79
ngland	1890–1920	1.71
rance	1890–1920	1.70
ustralia	1890–1920	1.69
weden	1892–1920	1.67
etherlands	1891–1920	1.61
ndia	1889–1920	1.43
rgentina	1890–1920	1.07
apan	1890–1920	1.05
ermany	1890–1925	1.03
taly	1888–1920	.98
outh Africa	1890–1920	.89
ussia	1891–1925	.81
hina	1888–1920	.65
ustria	1892–1922	.63
razil	1889–1924	.45
eventeen countries		1.14

We do not learn, however, how to tell n advance which is going to be which.



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The Book Table

Edited by EDMUND PEARSON

They Are Talking About—

MR. SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS'S novel "Revelry"[1] is applauded or denounced according to the politics of the reader. Few have commented upon it as a work of art, nor is there a great deal to say about it from that aspect. It is supposed to be the mark of a good Republican solemnly to reprimand the author as a scandal-monger. Equally is it the rôle of a good Democrat or "radical" to read the book with wicked chuckles, and to crown Mr. Adams with a patriot's garland, as one who fearlessly exposes wickedness in high places. As a Presidential election approaches the Democrat has a keener scent for wickedness in high places, always supposing those places to be occupied by Republicans. It happens, however, that two of the severest denunciations of "Revelry" which I have seen were in Democratic newspapers—the New York "Times" and the "World." Such a thinly veiled onslaught upon a dead President struck these two newspapers as bad taste.

The first chapter is a remarkable example of the art of climax; of ability to surprise the reader. After that, the book becomes a novel of Washington politics, of a familiar type. Judged thus, it is hardly above second or third rate, and doubtless owes its fame or notoriety to the fact that its characters are supposed to be real persons. These important officials are sometimes made to act like characters in a novel by Mr. Oppenheim, and are then so far from reality that it seems unnecessary for anybody to become excited. If there is any one who believes that a dreadful cosmic tragedy took place on the day when the American electorate declined to accept the inestimably valuable services of—what was his name?—oh, yes, Mr. Cox, of Ohio, as President of the United States, such a person may find a certain amount of heart-balm in reading "Revelry."

"Wine, Women, and War"[2] is another book in which the author confesses himself "disillusioned" by his experiences in France during the Great War. Poets and novelists, diary makers, and others have been announcing their disillusionment ever since 1919. They began it in England, and the style soon spread to this country. One is tempted to wonder who illusioned these young men, in the first place. Who made them believe, as they say they did believe, that war is a pleasant picnic, costumed in handsome uniforms, and carried on in good weather to the sound of stirring music? It certainly was not done by the militarists, nor the major-generals whom these authors now find so disagreeable. There *was* an American statesman, to be sure, who told the world that this war was a new crusade for civilization, a struggle to make the world safe for democracy, and perhaps the war to end war. But it cannot be that the anonymous author of this book became disillusioned with *him*, because his state papers and suave utterances are about the only things he found to praise from 1914 to 1919. Who was the wicked creature who cruelly illusioned these young authors? Could it have been a publisher who whispered in their ears that the literature of disillusionment, the books that deal chiefly with mud and cooties and bad smells and too much *vin rouge* and too many prostitutes, were what the public preferred to read?

At all events, "Wine, Women, and War" has many refreshing pages in it. The dark curtain is lifting. It is not unmitigated gloom at every instant. It purports to be a diary written at the time, but no writer was so wise as to have made these records on the dates set opposite them. Its staccato style becomes tedious, but it is enlivened by racy anecdotes—many of them amusing, if they are not new—and the author practically admits that soldiers stationed in Paris did not go about with faces shrouded in sorrow from morning to night.

The name of Mr. Copeland will recall to thousands of men, as it recalls to me, some of the pleasantest, and I think some of the most profitable, hours spent in college. Reading Kipling and Mr. Dooley to freshmen, this wily instructor of English lured them on to listen to Charles Lamb and FitzGerald's "Omar" and Shakespeare and the Bible. Possibly Mr. Copeland's readings mad more students love literature than did al other lectures in the English Depart ment. "The Copeland Reader"[3] bring with it the magic of his name, as wel as an introduction and two or thre essays written by him. I dislike to say one word of dispraise about a matte which was perhaps unavoidable. Bu this is a large and rather heavy book; i is printed on thin paper of not the mos agreeable texture; and the price will pu it beyond the reach of many who woul gladly own it.

Count Keyserling, who writes fron the "School of Wisdom" (in Germany) has induced twenty-four "leaders of con temporary thought" to discuss marriage. And they do. There are Frobenius, an Tagore, the saintly scorner of America and Paul Ernst, and Wassermann, an Jung, and Havelock Ellis, and man others with Teutonic or Slavic names They talk about marriage as a sacra ment, and as a fetter, and as a work o art, and as a task. They are very sol emn about it for five hundred pages, an many persons are solemnly reading th book, and coming out by the self-sam door wherein they went. No foolisher perhaps, and probably no wiser.

The papers have been full of the ex posé of "The Whispering Gallery." The author, whose case has been in th courts, is not an ex-diplomat, but a English writer named Hesketh Pearson (No relation to the murderologist, a another gentleman named Pearson ex plained of himself in a letter to Th Outlook.)

The contents are of slight value. Th only wonder is that so many of thes volumes, anonymous in authorship, an supposed to be full of startling revela tions, are seriously discussed in reviews Books labeled "Things I Ought Not t Talk About" and "More Dreadfully In discreet Stuff," by X and Y and Z, ar

---

[1] Revelry. By Samuel Hopkins Adams. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

[2] Wine, Women, and War: A Diary of Disillusionment. Anonymous. J. H. Sears & Co., New York. $2.50.

[3] The Copeland Reader. An Anthology of English Poetry and Prose. Chosen and Edited with an Introduction by Charle Townsend Copeland, Boylston Professor o Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard Univer sity. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York $10.

[4] The Book of Marriage. Arranged and Edited by Count Hermann Keyserling Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $5.

[5] The Whispering Gallery. Being Leave from the Diary of an Ex-Diplomat. Bon & Liveright, New York. $3.

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usually full of harmless gossip, mixed with a little rubbish—just like this one.

The author of "You Can't Win"[6] is librarian of the San Francisco "Call." But for many years he was a professional thief and outlaw on the Pacific coast and in Western States. He was an inmate of prisons for years. His narrative is direct, rapid, and of absorbing interest. The only thing to beat it that I can recall is Hutchins Hapgood's "Autobiography of a Thief." E. P.

[6] You Can't Win. By Jack Black. Foreword by Robert Herrick. The Macmillan Company, New York. $2.

Fiction

PREFACE TO A LIFE. By Zona Gale. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.

A novel, and a powerful one, of repression and escape; but escape at the highest price that man can pay. Bernard Mead in his twenties finds himself suddenly caught in a trap with triple springs. Almost at the same time he becomes engaged to a pretty girl who only captivates him for a moment, meets and deeply loves the girl who should have been his mate, and binds himself in a promise to his dying father to surrender his independent career and carry on a business in which he takes no interest. He very nearly breaks free from the promises he should never have made, but not quite; pride, practical common sense, dread of his world's opinion, hold him to the course of conventional honor. He settles down to Laura and lumber and a houseful of pampering women; settles so thoroughly that he becomes first successful, then reconciled, then self-satisfied, comfortable, complacent—a smug small-town lumber dealer and Secretary of the Concatenated Order of Hoo-Hoos. But that in him which he has smothered is not dead. In his fifties it stirs and comes alive; he realizes what he is and what his life has become, and beats wildly against the bars, striving to understand his plight and find relief.

It is an art at once penetrating, bold, and delicate which Miss Gale has employed to make comprehensible and appealing to the average prosaic mind of the average prosaic reader the strange extension and enhancement of the sense of living and the beauty and rhythm of life through which at last he comes to inward peace.

"It's beauty they're after, isn't it?" he says to Dr. McCormack at last, wonderingly. "Beauty: that's what they want. And they don't know where to look for it but in sex and money. And yet everything's moving and shining and building. . . . A house is built up like a crystal—the moving and the shining of the wood, the grain, the paint, the plaster. . . . Like a crystal . . . and then come in the people. Well, what do they do? And *they* could move and shine and act like gods and see like gods, and they could build—build as a crystal is built. . . . It's as if I'd been looking at the world as a dog looks at it and then suddenly could see it as a man sees it. . . . I've broken through, I'm seeing the real."

The everlasting flow and rhythm and continuity, the ever-shining and shifting of building and growth and beauty, the cradling comfort of surrender to the irresistible great tides of the universe. Well, of course, science says that everything is in motion, but it isn't a thing to get ex-

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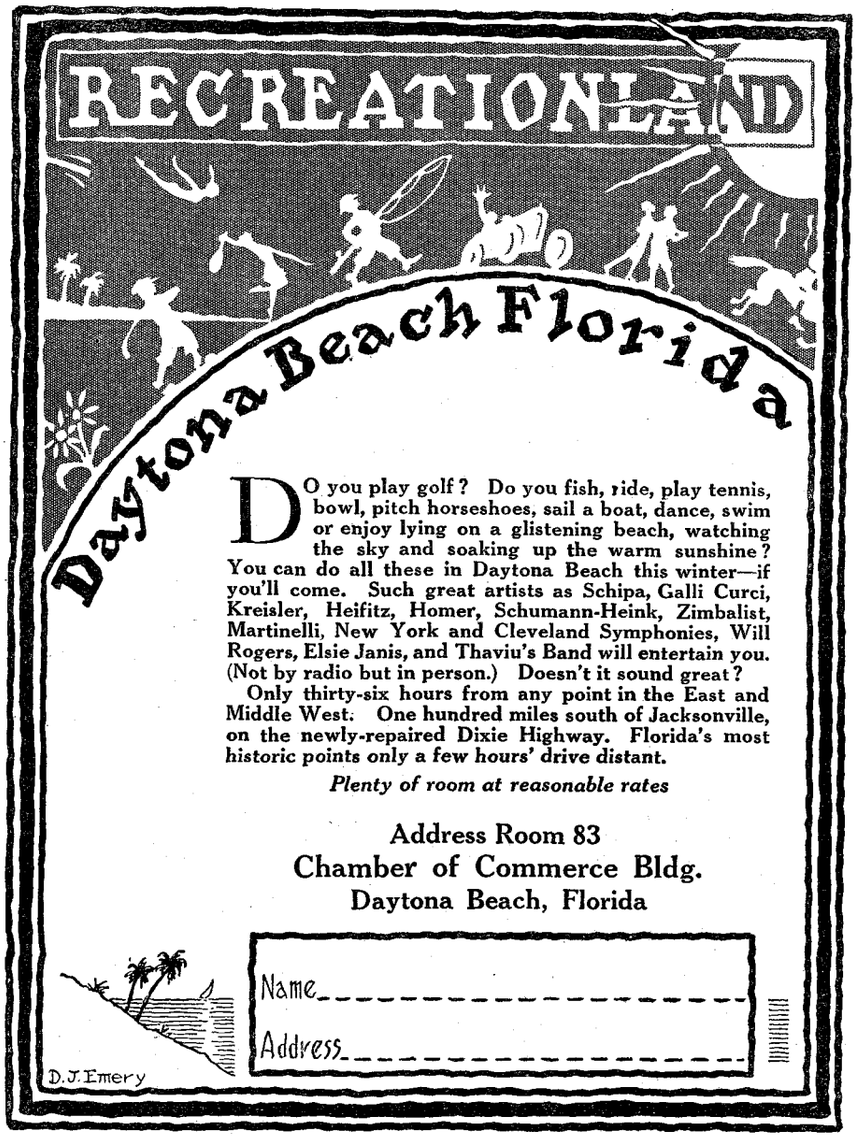
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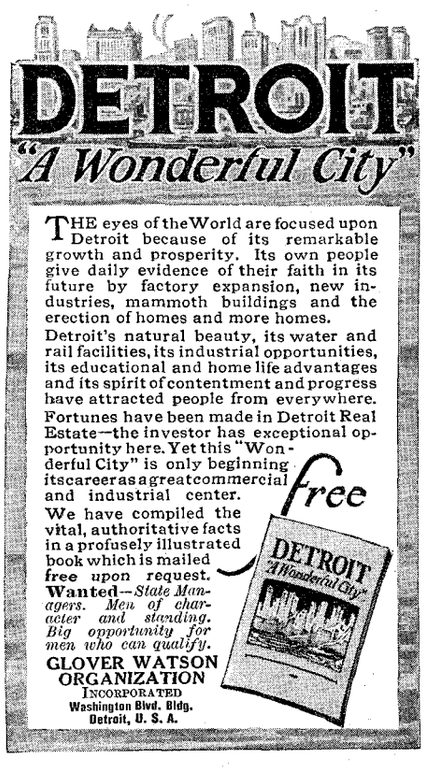
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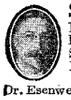
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cited about, admits the alienist, even as he diverts the conversation towards luncheon and a dish of nice calves' brains vinaigrette.

The other figures in the book, especially the stupid and stupefying womenfolk of the Mead household, are all studies worthy to take their place in the gallery of small-town portraits Miss Gale has already so richly furnished. Though "Preface to a Life" has less dramatic quality than "Miss Lulu Bett" and less charm than "Faint Perfume," it is a novel of similar high creative quality and admirable execution.

TOMORROW MORNING. By Anne Parrish. Harper & Brothers, New York. $2.

The author's "The Perennial Bachelor" was a story of painful family sacrifice for the son; this is a story of joyous sacrifice by a mother for a son. It is accordingly cheerful and often amusing. There are too many social and domestic details, but on the whole the vivacious vein is successfully maintained.

TAR. By Sherwood Anderson. Boni & Liveright, New York. $2.

This is and is not a record of the author's own childhood in the Middle West. In his Foreword he cleverly plays with the assertion that every autobiographer and every fiction writer is, and must be, a good deal of a liar. So the reader may guess for himself how much is reality and how much imagination. The boy is less vivid, perhaps, than some of the people about him—the father, for instance, is a little masterpiece of depiction. The book has some of the qualities of Mr. Anderson's "Note Book," but never quite rises to the force of the best parts of that volume.

History

THE CONQUEST OF CIVILIZATION. By James H. Breasted. **THE ORDEAL OF CIVILIZATION.** By James Harvey Robinson. 2 vols., boxed. Profusely Illustrated. Harper & Brothers, New York. $10.

Here is something of a new "stunt" in the art and mystery of publishing. Professor Breasted's "Ancient Times" (1916) and Professor Robinson's "Medieval and Modern Times" (1915) have been taken over from Ginn & Co. by the Harpers, and each has been embellished with a new title, while a collective title, "The Human Adventure," has been given to the set. Additions have been made to include in the former book the results of some of the most recent researches in archæology, and in the latter summaries of the World War and of post-war conditions. Both books won praise and standing on their first appearance, and both have been bettered by the changes. Nothing is finer of its kind than Professor Breasted's picture of the ancient world. Here is scholarship of the first rank expressing itself with singular charm and vividity. To Professor Robinson's work, learned, striking, and original, must also be accorded high rank. How complementary either of these two books may be to the other is, however, a question. With Professor Breasted's insistence that the Greeks "carried civilization to the highest level it ever attained" set off against Professor Robinson's belief that "the moral overrating of the past [is] our besetting danger," there would seem to be a fundamental difference of historical interpretation. The titles, too, may cause some puzzlement to the serious reader and may awaken a feeling that they are more ingenious than apt. The phrase, "conquest of civilization," may mean either of two directly opposite things, and its employment in this case leaves a doubt as to its significance. Professor Robinson seems to apprehend some question regarding the aptness of his own title, since he defends it on the ground that his book is "essen-

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an explanation of the origin of the comprehensive and momentous of all an trials and experiments." But an n is something different from an or- and the explanation fails to explain. t the discerning person may do with profit is to read both books, each as ork wholly independent of the other, gnore the implications of the fact that are housed in the same black-and- ge box.

Nature

AND BEAST. By Samuel Scoville, Jr. With Illustrations by Charles Livingston Bull. Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York. $2.

. Scoville is our favorite writer about animals. He has written an essay about ld duck and his family, and another t some raccoons, to which we return and again to read them with pleas- Here he leaves America and writes of an and other animals. They are mov- nd vigorous, these essays—the author sentimentalist, but shows nature red oth and claw. There are some great s in this book! Of course, in a coldly al mood, some one might wonder how coville knows what the anaconda and eopard, or the honey-badger and the , thought about as they fought to the . But the author disarms criticism is kind. He has given us a fine book; dull, never tedious. Why be pedan- Mr. Bull's pictures are excellent, as .

Collecting

COLLECTING OF ANTIQUES. By Esther ngleton. The Macmillan Company, New ork. $7.50.

very handsome, very heavy, beauti- illustrated, rather expensive book. the thing to repose on a Sheraton in the drawing-room. This is appro- ly illustrated, and the style of its au- is sufficiently sprightly to have had or four of its nine chapters printed e "Saturday Evening Post." It dis- s china, silver, glass, furniture, clocks, es, metal-work, Americana, and auc-

Essays

ICAN SOUNDINGS. By J. St. Loe Stra- ey. D. Appleton & Co., New York. $2.50.

Strachey would himself hardly claim his "castings of the lead in the shore- s of America, Social, Literary and sophical," found the depths, but his nt of his visit on this side is marked s with that eager friendliness and athy for things American that have him known in England as one of our dependable friends. His visit started the Canadian border with a motor to Washington; included Virginia, delphia, New York, Boston, with parts nt to these cities, but left the West, he poet's Yarrow, "unvisited," save in athy and imagination. Of course, the ican woman, our language, literature, rsities, politics, and prohibition are eglected, and the journey furthermore ht up for discussion to the mind of litor of the "Spectator" representative icans of the past, admired or loved by like Jefferson, Lincoln, Emerson, nan—with present-day Mr. Mencken, There are pleasant moments ahead he reader of "American Soundings," not a few valuable reflections as he himself as others—keen, but friendly him.

Biography

N: THE MAN AND HIS WORK. By orge S. Bryan. Alfred A. Knopf, New ork. $4.

e, when past sixty, while talking with nd about his earlier inventions, Edi- ooked up with an air of just having

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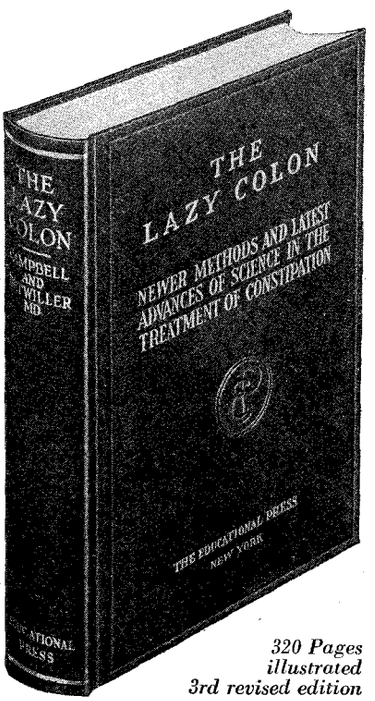
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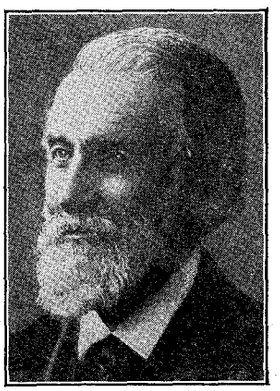

Sir Herman Weber, an eminent English physician, was descended from exceptionally short-lived ancestors for four generations. Making a study of longevity, he decided to try for a long life. His celebrated book on "Longevity" was published in his 95th year (1923). The principles he lays down are fully digested in the chapter on Longevity in "The Lazy Colon."

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made an amusing discovery, smiled expansively, and said, "Say, I *have* been mixed up in a whole lot of things, haven't I?" It is the wonderful record of the things in which he has been "mixed up," along with a characterization of the man himself, that is given in this book. It is an excellent piece of work, well documented and well written. With so much current biography given to the showing of how wonderful a fellow is the writer and how ordinary a fellow is the person "biographed," it is a joyous relief to turn to such a book as this one. The reader will find here the life of the inventor from the days when he was a railway newsboy, with a chronicle of what he has done instructively and engagingly told. The author reveals an art much too rare in these days of jazz—the art of providing fullness and detailed accuracy of information without slowing up the *tempo* of the narrative.

Politics

FIFTY YEARS OF BRITISH PARLIAMENT. By the Earl of Oxford and Asquith, K.G. 2 vols. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. $8.

This book appears at about the time of the author's retirement as leader of the Liberal Party. Known for years as Mr. Asquith, he has accepted a title in his later years. Nobody should expect to find any startling revelations in the work; it is a sober political chronicle, which omits all reference to the Great War, since the author has discussed that in another book.

The first of these two volumes goes back to men now dead and issues almost forgotten except by historians: Gladstone, Disraeli, Bradlaugh, Lord Randolph Churchill, early troubles in the Transvaal and in Egypt, the question of Home Rule in Ireland, and the Cabinets of Lords Salisbury and Rosebery. The second volume comes down to Mr. Balfour's Ministry, to the author's own occupancy of the Premiership, and to the Ulster disturbances in 1914. There are also discussions of the poets laureate and of political catchwords.

Travel

AROUND THE WORLD IN TWENTY-EIGHT DAYS. By Linton Wells. Introduction by Vilhjalmur Stefansson. 43 Illustrations. Houghton Mifflin Company, New York. $3.50.

This age of records-to-be-beaten naturally worships more than mere feats of ball play, of running and swimming; it includes as objects of veneration the getting over the ground and water in the quickest time. The latest is traveling through the air at speeds hitherto unknown to anybody except Puck. A sportsman of Detroit, Mr. Edward S. Evans, and a veteran reporter, Mr. Linton Wells, determined to beat the record of travel round the globe, using airplanes, railways, and steamships; this book is the record of their record, which from the latest (35) has shrunk to the surprising minimum of 28 days. To do this the way had to be prepared by arrangements with nations and empires, railways and steamer lines, private and national airplanes, together with largesse lavishly applied. Cost was of no importance; the only aim was to get along. And, of course, the headlong hurdlers of degrees of longitude were cheered on their race against time by crowds informed beforehand that they were coming. Mr. Wells tells the story with due emphasis—how they started from the World building, overtook the Aquitania in the open sea, and after circling the globe returned to Printing House Square in much less than one month, triumphant and acclaimed like the popular heroes they are.

In a preface Mr. Stefansson lauds their clever combinations and grit, calling attention to the fact, however, that the shortest airpath between America and Europe is northward. We can already foresee how in a few decades trippers to Europ gaze down upon the myriads of do cated musk-oxen and caribou with Mr. Stefansson expects the tundra sides of the Pole to be covered, and dentally drop their straw hats and ing-gum in a bee-line across the Circle. Count Hermann Keyserling been telling us that the only typica nificant person to-day is the cha Here we have him in the air, more p cal and efficient than ever.

Religion

ADVENTUROUS RELIGION. By Harry E Fosdick. Harper & Brothers, New Yor

Everything that Dr. Fosdick writes value, particularly in his chosen calli proving the vitality of Christianity with us, even though some necessar proach to it is to us new. The p volume, as its title suggests, takes a s ually positive rather than apologetic tude in that very matter, and sho readers in how many ways their app to Christianity *must* be new, if they find religion's meaning and help t The various chapters after the title have been gathered from different r zines and are on such subjects as " lieve in Man," "Will Science Dis God?" "What Christian Liberals Are ing at," and the like. Their treatm uncontroversial, although taking a cut stand where need is. They are no the less valuable from their scattere gin, for the reader will find them h their due share both of those remar windows of illustration which do so for Dr. Fosdick's literary appeal, a that competency, clearness, and insig which greater things he has always that appeal a servant.

Miscellaneous

THE GENTLE ART OF TRAMPING. By S Graham. D. Appleton & Co., New $2.50.

Despite the title, the art of trampi not always a gentle one. All is not and skittles. There are days when the best of feet will blister. Under chapter heading "Boots," the author some excellent advice on the kind, s and size of the best boots for tram From boots he works upwards, descr a comfortable outfit for both sexes, dis ing here a necktie, adding there a glov snatching hot coffee-pots from the bu brands. Not any hat will do for tram it must be an old and dear one, wi brim.

Mr. Graham comments amusingly many countries of his wanderings—A ica, where he learned to eat pie for b fast, Russia, and his own country are a few. The most utterly pleasant sou tramp is going south through France one ideal tramper to another, there chapters on knapsacks and their cont fires and how to make them in the books to carry, maps, beds, marc songs, and morning dips.

This is not a book about smug wal tours, where one seeks an inn each n It is a loving account of tramping open road by day, and at night bed under the stars, or in a cave, as weather may be. To this perfect tra idleness is, as it should be, an art. Graham measures the tramp by the taken rather than the miles. "Fallen are to be sat upon, laddered trees to cl flowers to be picked, nests to be lo into, song-birds to hear, falcons t watched." The parting advice of pleasant book is: "If you trespass, n the hedge you have broken, put back hurdle, avert your face if a lady is sw ming in her private pool."

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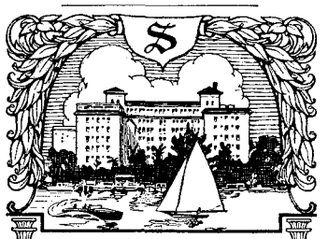

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By the Way

"MY soul is a lighthouse keeper," wrote Ella Wheeler Wilcox, and she never forgave the linotyper who set it up, "My soul is a light housekeeper."

Besides placing his desserts at the head of the "pick up line," the modern cafeteria proprietor is enlarging the size of his trays, because "people who eat in these self-serve places are inclined to buy more different dishes than if they ordered from a menu, for the simple reason that good food in plain sight looks more appetizing than mere names of the same food on a card, and a person won't make two trips."

From "Life:"

Teacher: "Take four out of five and what do you have, Tommy?"

Tommy: "Pyorrhea, ma'am."

Jane Addams was recently asked what she thought of bobbed hair. "I am not concerned so much," she answered, "with the uniformity on the outside of the heads of people, as I am about the uniformity on the inside."

The parson who greeted a regular church attendant with "I am so glad to see you so regular in your place on the Sabbath day," hardly expected the reply, "'Deed, sir, I'm glad to come, for it's not every day I get such a comfortable seat and so little to think about."

Fred Kelly writes in "Nation's Business:"

I have just been to lunch with the general manager of one of the biggest department stores in the United States, and our talk turned to O. Henry's stories about underpaid shopgirls.

"If O. Henry were writing to-day," said the department-store man, "and used that theme, he would make a fool of himself. We have any number of young women who come to work in their own cars—bought, understand, out of their own earnings. A salary of $15,000 for a clever woman is to-day not uncommon. Plenty of salesgirls can earn at least $40 a week."

From "Punch:"

Auto Salesman: "And what kind of a horn would you like, sir? Do you care for a good loud blast?"

Haughty Customer: "No; I want something that just sneers."

The following prayer is said to have been found in Chester Cathedral:

Give me a good digestion, Lord,
And also something to digest.
Give me a healthy body, Lord,
With sense to keep it at its best;
To get some happiness from life,
And pass it on to other folk.

Give me a healthy mind, good Lord,
To keep the good and pure in sight,
Which seeing sin is not appalled,
But finds a way to set it right.

Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper, whine, or sigh;
Don't let me worry overmuch
About the fussy thing called I.
Give me a sense of humor, Lord;
Give me the grace to see a joke.

Conversation overheard in the subway:

"What a prize-fighter that guy Tunney is. He is getting $7,000 a week in vaudeville."

"Yes," answered the other, "and what do you think? I hear he's going over to England to meet Shaw."

"Aw, he'll have no trouble putting away that guy. Take anything against his staying two rounds with the champion."

The film rights of "Abie's Irish Rose" are reported to have been sold for two million dollars.

From "Capper's Weekly:"

"Miss Ponder," said the boss, "you are a very handsome young woman."

"Oh!" said the typist, blushing.

"You dress neatly and you have a well-modulated voice. Your deportment is also above reproach."

"You shouldn't pay me so many compliments."

"Oh, that's all right," said the boss. "I merely wanted to put you in a cheerful frame of mind before taking up the matter of punctuation and spelling."

Andrew Savage, of Hazardville, Connecticut, has just distinguished himself by drinking ten quarts of water and eating thirty-seven bananas in twenty minutes. His name and residence seem well chosen.

Otto Kahn tells in his book "Of Man Things" about a successful Wall Stree speculator who accounted for his large for tune by the fact that he had always trie to be accommodating—had always don what the public seemed to wish him to do.

"When men became disgusted wi stocks they held," he said, "and were eag to find buyers for them, I bought them. O the other hand, when the public was wil ing to pay absurdly high prices for stock and clamored for them, I sold them mine.

From "Judge:"

Although she has an assortment of hat she wants a new one.

(That's the woman of it.)

He says he thinks she can get alon without it.

(That's the man of it.)

She insists that she can't, and she's go ing to get it.

(That's the woman of it.)

He says "not if he knows it."

(That's the man of it.)

She breaks down and weeps.

(That's the woman of it.)

He gives in.

(That's the end of it.)

From the "Christian Science Monitor:"

Little Willie had accompanied his fathe to the tailor's. When his father had se lected the material for his suit, Willi asked the tailor if he might examine th sample. The lad appraised the goods ver carefully, being interrupted by the tailo who told him he was looking at the "wron side." "I know it," said Willie, "but tha is the side that'll be turned out whe mother makes it over for me."

Colfax Conwell writes: "On Sunday after noon, in a discussion by our family c Isaac and his sons, our little daughter con tributed the remark that Esau swapped hi birthright 'for a dish of potash.'"

In answer to a question, "Can you giv a sentence with the word 'notwithstand ing'?" a small boy replied; "Daddy' britches are all glazy at the back; notwith standing."

Answer to last week's anagram: "Inlets, "silent," "tinsel," "enlist," and "listen."

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More of Wild Bill

MR. SEITZ'S review of "Wild Bill Hickock" in The Outlook reminds me that in 1869 I was a bartender in a gambling-house in Abilene, Kansas, where I saw Hickock almost daily.

I think that the records will show that Tom Smith was United States marshal and that Hickock was his deputy at that time. Most of the things I have read about Hickock were pure fiction. I know that he did not shoot from the hip. When I knew him, he was not always armed.

I never saw him with more than one gun at a time, and that was a round-barreled navy 44. We had two exactly like it, always kept lying on a shelf under the bar. I do not think he often shot at a mark 150 feet away.

One day I had to go to the ice-house, just outside the corporation. Hickock said to me: "I will go with you. I haven't shot my gun in a long time. I must unload and clean it." There was a knot-hole in the side of the ice-house about as big as the palm of a man's hand. Hickock said: "Step me off thirty paces, and I will see if I can hit that hole." I watched him as he pulled his gun and fired six shots through that knot-hole so quick I could not count them. It is more than the average gunman can do to hit a man ninety feet away.

I have seen it stated in print that Hickock killed eleven men at one time, and again that there were nine men, and your review has cut it down to three.

One night after the saloon was closed Hickock, two of his friends, and myself sat at a table talking. I was a tenderfoot, listening. One of the men said to Hickock, "How did you get that scar on the side of your head and face?" This is the story he told.

He said he was piloting a Government train through Nebraska. He rode ahead and off the road to call on a widow woman who had been a neighbor of Hickock's mother in Indiana. Soon after Hickock arrived at the widow's house some men rode up, and when they saw his horse they knew he was there. As soon as he saw the men he knew there would be trouble. The door was fastened with a heavy bar. He put that in place, took down a rifle that hung on the wall, and sat down, facing the door. When the men found the door fastened, they took a heavy pole and stove the door in. He shot one man with the rifle, then used his revolver. He said the last thing he remembered was a man standing over him about to strike him with the butt of a revolver. The next thing he knew he was in camp in a hospital tent. "That," said he, "is the way I got that scar."

When he finished, one of the listeners said, "How many men were there?" Hickock said, "Seven." "Did you kill them all?" "Well, I haven't seen any of them since."

I also heard him say that at the battle of Wilson's Creek he asked permission to go on the picket line. He said he hadn't been there long when a shell came screeching through the air and exploded near by, the first one he had ever heard. He said, "I went right back to headquarters, where I belonged." (He was a scout then.)

I have good reason to remember Bill Hickock, for one day two men came to the bar and called for drinks. I set the bottle and glasses on the bar. One of the men said to me, "Yank, have a drink with us?" I said, "No, I don't drink with anybody." The man whipped out his gun and said, "By G——, you drink with us!" Before I could refuse again Hickock stepped up by the men and said, "Not if he doesn't want to." The men left their drinks and went out. Hickock turned to me and said, "You are the d—— fool I ever saw." He knew that the man meant to shoot me if I refused again. I did not know it. I was just a tenderfoot, and had much to learn.

One night after I had lain down some one rapped on the back door. I opened it, and let Hickock in. He said, "I want to stay with you to-night." I said, "What is up?" "Oh," he said, "a couple of men from Texas are in town, and I don't want to shoot anybody, nor be shot." About a week later he stayed all night with me again. I know he was both fearless and cautious, and he could shoot so quick the eye could not follow his motions.

I could tell more, but perhaps this will be interesting to you. H. G. HUBBARD.

Meadville, Pennsylvania.

"Is" and "Are"

OF course, we need rules in grammar, but shouldn't all rules be subjected to the rule of reason?

Take, for example, this recent "is" and "are" discussion. If we say, "Dollars and cents is not his aim," it is evident that the thought is not of separate coins or amounts. "Dollars and cents," in this instance, is another way of phrasing "money." In such a case it seems only reasonable to ignore the usual rule about subjects connected by "and" carrying the plural form of verb.

On the other hand, if we say, "Dollars and dimes were rolling around on the floor," it is obvious that we are thinking of separate coins rather than of money or a sum of money.

If there is to be a National referendum on this momentous question, please put me down among those who regard as one of the most important rules of grammar the rule of reason. ROLAND HALL.

Easton, Pennsylvania.

Contributors' Gallery

THE HONORABLE ADDISON T. SMITH, who presents his view of the Yellowstone Park controversy in this issue, is a Republican Congressman from Idaho. He is Chairman of the Committee on Irrigation and Reclamation and a member of the Public Lands Committee. His home is in Twin Falls, Idaho.

DR. HENRY VAN DYKE'S stories, essays, and poems have made him internationally known, especially as ardent fisherman and lover of outdoor life. "The Unknown Quantity," "The Blue Flower," "Little Rivers," and "Days Off" are among the best-known collections of his work. For many years Dr. van Dyke was Professor of English Literature at Princeton University and for some time Minister to the Netherlands and Luxemburg.

A trip which he made to the Yellowstone with his family a few years ago enables him to write this defense of the Bechler Meadows from his own observation. Yellowstone Park is fortunate in having so distinguished a supporter.

JOHN McC. ROOTS was born in Hankow, China. He was educated at Harvard University, and then returned to teach in Wuchang. Last summer he traveled over China, investigating political and military conditions, and spending several weeks in Canton and in Peking and vicinity. During this trip he had splendid opportunities for getting the opinions of Chinese, English, Americans, and Russians. He returned to this country in September via Siberia, after spending nearly a month in Moscow. Mr. Roots has also contributed to "Asia" and the New York "Times."

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